

DOWN WITH EDEN OR THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Which Does Mr. Baldwin Prefer?

SATURDAY REVIEW

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Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

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" DIPLOMACY "

According to ANTHONY EDEN



To Dictate, Bully, Threaten, and offer a Bribe of parts of the Empire without their consent—And these tactics failing—

FORCING SANCTIONS—that have only resulted in Goading a GREAT AND FRIENDLY COUNTRY—ITALY—into bitter enmity.

Lady Houston's Latest Convert

In the House of Lords on Wednesday April 8

LORD NEWTON said that he never thought in his wildest moments that he would find himself in agreement with Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook and with Sir Oswald Mosley and Lady Houston.

The Government's Abyssinian policy had been a miserable failure, but we had learned the useful if unpleasant lesson that our military and naval position was quite unsatisfactory and that it was doubtful whether we should be able to take on a great Power with any chance of success.

It was clear to everybody that the complete failure of the League was an incitement to Herr Hitler to take the action he had done in the Rhineland. However illegal this action might be, it did not constitute a threat of aggression and the Staff talks with France were quite unnecessary.

Ever since the War France had been spending colossal sums on fortifications and she had been busy encircling Germany with satellite States that were heavily armed. France had now concluded an alliance with Soviet Russia, and that seemed to him to give Germany a valid argument that the spirit of the Locarno Treaty had been destroyed.

Lady Houston sent the noble Lord the following telegram:—

Congratulations—Better Late Than Never
LUCY HOUSTON.

Collinson Owen in the "Sunday Pictorial"

AT IT AGAIN!

OUR Anthony's been at it again. There is a famous story of the tramp who ate, drank and slept well, "but when I sees a job of work I comes over all of a tremble." And whenever I see one of those photographs of Mrs. Eden seeing Mr. Eden off to Geneva I, too, comes over all of a tremble.

Easter is with us—a "record Easter," as usual. Millions have painfully displaced themselves, at great cost, in pursuit of something or other. The last thing the nation wants to hear about on this Sunday of universal relaxation is of that particular kind of worry brewed exclusively at Geneva. But there it is, whether we like it or not. They're sanctioning again.

On Wednesday, Mr. Eden said ringingly: "There must be no further delay. We must have an immediate cessation of hostilities and new negotiations." This to the famous Committee of Thirteen concerning its absent member, Italy.

Upon my soul, I thought a month of scare from Hitler had finally disposed of that sort of thing. But no, no, thirteen times no! Once a British Foreign Secretary finds himself in Geneva the air goes to his head like strong beer. Once again we have Mr. Eden pumping up strong pressure against Mussolini, apparently just to please the Socialist Press, which constantly cheers him onwards.

Is Anthony Playing a Lone Hand?

As long ago as October 27 last it was written on this page that surely Mr. Eden could not do this sort of thing entirely on his own account (he was then only Minister for League Affairs) and that the explanation must be that "he was merely the too-enthusiastic instrument of a militant policy which, heaven knows why, had been agreed on by all his colleagues."

Soon after that we ran into the General Election when, with varying degrees of unwillingness, we had to rally round Mr. Baldwin. Since, there has been a continuous succession of bizarre incidents, including anxious warnings from elder statesmen concerning the dangers of "collective security," culminating in the Hitler bombshell. Carefully collected, it would all read like a dope victim's dream of government. Or a government of "collective obscurity."

Only last Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer described the weapons of the League as weapons that won't shoot. (If Mr. Chamberlain says this in the House, what does he say to Mr. Baldwin in private!) Mr. Maxton, fiery Socialist, accused the Liberal-Socialist "jingoes" of working for war. Mr. Churchill said we had "led fifty nations up a blind alley of futility and frustration."

Yet fresh from all this, with Mussolini now triumphant and more aggressive than ever, our Anthony pops over to Geneva and once more goes berserk! Who tells him to do these terrible things? Is it Mr. Baldwin? Or does he do them blithely on his own?

Our Strength in the Mediterranean

It is noteworthy, by the way, that with Mussolini talking grandly about the "accelerated rhythm of production," principally aerial, but also naval, there should creep into our own Government newspapers suggestions that both from an aerial and a naval point of view we are now much stronger in the Mediterranean. They read as though we are now ready to meet all comers.

This is very nice in its way, for those who can persuade themselves to believe it, but if war does come in the Mediterranean it will be the most wilfully sought war in all our history. Apparently one of the defences we are relying on is the packing of two cruisers with anti-aircraft armament, which will simply vomit rapid-fire shells into the skies. This sounds like a bright idea, and was first made known to the world by a youthful M.P. in the House about a month ago. Since then fuller details have been published, for which Italy is presumably much obliged. Unless it is that we are adopting the ancient Chinese method of making horrid faces in order to frighten a possible enemy.

Concerning which point we may quote Mr. Neville Chamberlain again in his Monday's speech addressed to the Liberal-Socialist sanctionist clamourers: "You mistake the character of the people with whom you have to deal if you think they can be deterred by mere bluff." And it seems amazing that we should be painstakingly poking at such a hornets' nest in the Mediterranean, bang across our Indian sea routes, when some day soon the North Sea may once again be worrying us.

And how can Italy co-operate in this German business with us constantly doing this? However, there is apparently nothing that we poor helots of voters and taxpayers can do about it. However much the Government's nose is rubbed in the cayenne pepper of alarming facts—even by leading members of its own Cabinet—nothing is changed in our Eden of make-believe.

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M. FLANDIN

TO stop all this nonsense—the only wise thing left for France and Italy to do is for both of them to immediately walk out of the League and leave Mr. Anthony Eden to stew in his own juice.



Signor MUSSOLINI

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Leaving the League

In an editorial article yesterday the *Temps* gave guarded support to M. d'Ormesson's suggestion that France must consider whether there was any way of restoring logical order to her policy except by leaving the League. This point of view is gaining ground.

There is a widespread criticism of British policy on the ground that it is based on an illusory hope of the value of mere argument with two dictators who are quite indifferent to it.

Herr Hitler, it is urged, will not concede any point unless he feels himself threatened. Therefore the month during which Mr. Eden will seek to bring him to reason is likely to confirm him in intransigence.

Similarly, Signor Mussolini is not likely to make the slightest concession unless threatened by an overwhelming coalition ready to make war. But while Great Britain is using methods which will have no effect, it is argued, the situation is steadily slipping out of control, the latest symptom being the Turkish demand for the remilitarisation of the Straits.

The progress of the German propaganda in Yugoslavia and the rapid increase of German-Yugoslav trade is watched with anxiety, as well as the obvious divergence of views between Yugoslavia, Rumania and Czechoslovakia with regard to what constitutes a danger in Austria.

Morning Post.

The Socialist Idea

The Socialist idea that the State can, and should, take over the functions of the family, so far as the rearing and training of children are concerned, is finally confuted by comprehensive studies of the "institutional child" in the United States and in Russia. According to the majority of American authorities, the mortality of infants reared in institutions is twice or thrice the normal rate, and if they live they grow up into spiritless creatures, lacking in the intelligence and initiative required for success in the world without. In Russia the weakening of family influence, regarded as a proof of progress by Socialist ideologues, has had disastrous results. Mr. A. J. Cummings, a keen observer of Russian social affairs, recently pointed out that child delinquency in Russia has enormously increased in the last few years—so much so, indeed, that a decree was issued from Moscow declaring that child delinquents would in future incur the same penalties as adult criminals.

Morning Post.

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A Point Against Mr. Eden

France and Italy won a point against Great Britain at Geneva.

The committee of three jurists set up yesterday reported that the League Committee of Thirteen was not the proper body to deal with Italy's alleged infringement of the Geneva Convention of 1925 prohibiting the use of poison gas: and that



Queen Mary walking in Windsor Great Park with the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester when a royal family party gathered for luncheon at Royal Lodge.

this was a matter for the League Council.

Mr. Eden had urged yesterday that the Committee of Thirteen was competent to deal with the matter.



The Committee of Thirteen consists of the Council minus Italy. Thus, under the jurists' ruling, Italy would be called in to assist in judgment on a charge against herself.—Reuter.

Evening News.

♦♦

Change or Break?

British policy finds itself shambling and splashing in a quagmire where it will soon be sunk to the neck and over unless its steps are reversed. There is no exit from this muddle but by abandoning the theory that all bogs, as well as all roads, are good if they lead to Geneva. The spectacle presented last week by that sorry substitute for a new Jerusalem was among the least edifying and hopeful in its history. The French reply to the German proposals was an elaborate fiasco. Practical negotiations with Berlin are fobbed off until Mid-May. They will never be brought to success by procedure through the League. The Locarno Powers are in acute dissension about Italy as well as Germany.

Worst of all, on a British initiative which seems to us far madder than March hares, the threat of oil sanctions against Italy has been revived. Nothing could be better calculated to thwart those chances of an early Ethiopian settlement which would otherwise have been particularly promising; and to protract the misery to the utmost. Nor does the mischief end there. An accomplished Ministerial journalist, often intimately informed, writes from Geneva, in the *Daily Telegraph* of yesterday, that the alternatives are capitulation to the Duce or enforcement of a ban on Italy:—

"The first involves an admission that the collective security system cannot prevail against a powerful and determined aggressor. *The second [the italics are ours] involves positive action which may lead to war in the Mediterranean.*"

In what paradise of stark folly are they dreaming? Such a "war in the Mediterranean" would precipitate general war and a world-smash. If this proposition were put before the country, it would instantly repudiate the policy and destroy Mr. Baldwin's Government. The atmosphere of Geneva seems to have become the most fatal of all the influences adverse to peace and provocative of war.

♦♦

Oil Sanctions and War-Talk

There have been bitter squabbles behind the scenes with some rasping exchanges in public. Monsieur Flandin demands that the British Government shall face what he calls the logic of its own policy—that Sanctions shall be applied both to Germany and Italy or to

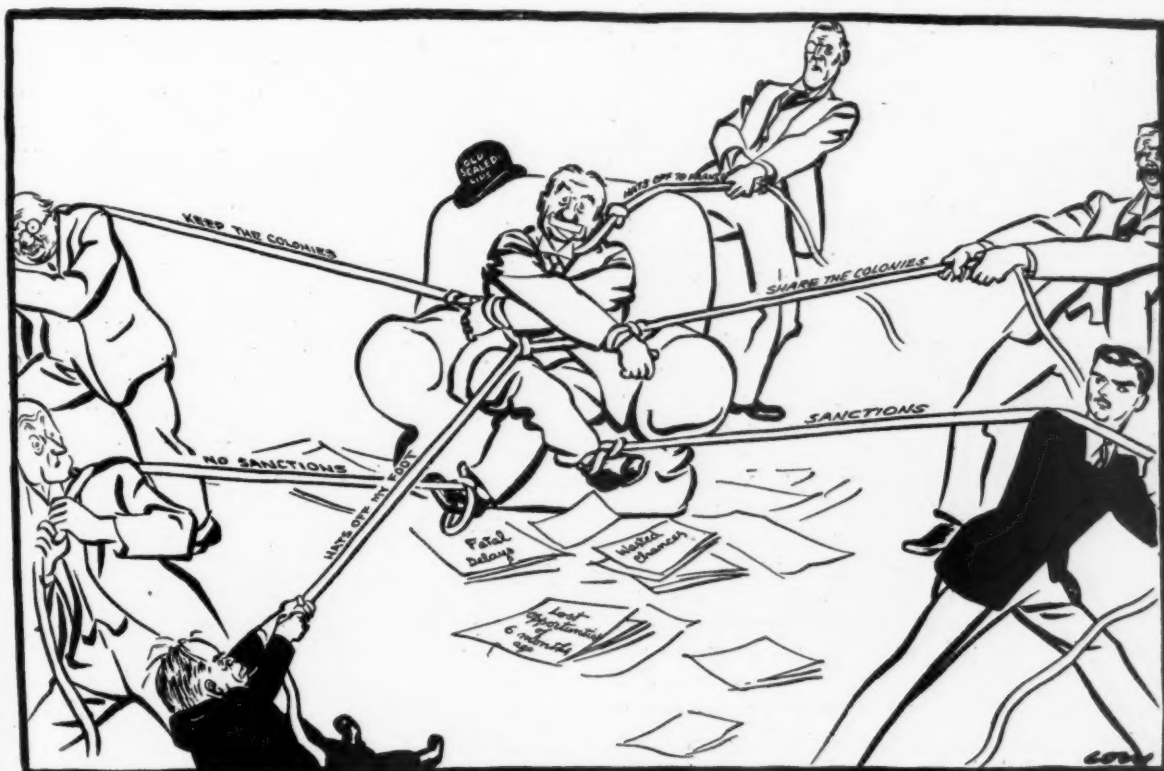
neither. A few short months ago, some Ministerial journals in this country were arguing still that if Sanctions were successful against the Fascist State, they could be used later against the Nazi Reich. But for this bright idea, the coercion of Italy would never have been attempted. Neither France, nor Soviet Russia, nor the Little Entente could have been brought into line. Now Mr. Eden rejects indeed the stark insanity of Sanctions against Germany, but clings to the hopeless policy of trying to coerce Italy at the risk of Mediterranean war and the world-smash.

"An Englishman," says the pungent old Turkish proverb, "will burn his bed to catch a flea."

The Foreign Secretary feels himself obliged in the peculiar name of the League to use peremptory and even minatory language such as British policy never has addressed before to any Great Power with which we were even nominally at peace. His speeches last week reiterated the words "must" and "immediately." It is a disastrous vocabulary for the interests of peace whether local or general. The British spokesman denounced the Italian use of poison-gas. The thing is unutterably hateful.

The conflict was bound to be intensified to the utmost when the Hoare-Laval proposals were wrecked. What on earth else did the British Government expect? The way to put an end to all the horrors was to bring the struggle itself to a speedy close as the Duce—and this is certain—was then prepared to do. "What about Abyssinian atrocities?" asks Monsieur Flandin.

Mr. Eden tells Italy, in effect, that she "must" stop the war, and stop it at once, or . . . ? This, needless to say, was regarded at Geneva as a renewed threat of oil Sanctions. We are even told that they will be mooted next Thursday—while most of the Cabinet is on holiday. What tone could be more certain to frustrate its purpose; to prolong the slaughter; and to doom what is left of the Amhara "empire," for which neither Britain nor any other country really means to fight? Addressed to a great and proud nation in arms under a man who is among the most determined and inspiring leaders in modern history, this method of high-handed challenge and summons has been the vice and bane and blight of the Sanctionist mania from the beginning. It began with a light-headed gamble on the assumption that Signor Mussolini was bluffing and that his bluff would be called.



"YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUSS ME."

(Reprinted from the Evening Standard)

Renewed talk of oil sanctions causes increasing dissension among the Latin-American nations. Ecuador has already broken away and two others at least are likely to follow.

From Soviet Russia and Rumania—for both of whom Abyssinia is a pawn in the game by comparison with their own interests—we could get oil Sanctions only in return for calamitous commitments of all kinds in Eastern Europe. They are unthinkable. They would be repudiated by the country. They would bring down Mr. Baldwin's Government. There we must leave an unprecedented imbroglio to its developments one way or the other during the next few days.

In Chancery and No Issue

It is the same with regard to greater questions. They have reappeared in their full magnitude as a result of the whole sinister process of widening disturbance set up by Sanctions. The League as now composed and manipulated tends more and more to become a portentous obstacle to European resettlement and to every constructive policy for the maintenance of lasting peace.

Herr Hitler, for instance, has made his proposals. Last week we examined them as they demand—fairly and coolly; without prejudice and without illusion. We showed that, with all their faults, omissions, and obscurities, they offered a basis—or at least part of a basis—for serious negotiation. Instead, Herr Hitler finds himself referred to Geneva—that is, to an interminable labyrinth of procedure from which no practical solution can ever emerge. So the Disarmament Commission sat for more than ten years, until its objects were comprehensively frustrated and the whole world was armed, or re-arming, to the teeth. France at once prepared to invoke the whole paraphernalia of the League. Russia and the Little Entente did the same in their strenuous and even desperate desire to obtain under the Covenant, a general guarantee of their own territories in Eastern Europe. In addition, the three nations of the Little Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, and Rumania—seek in the name of the League to perpetuate that harsh domination over their neighbours, Austria and Hungary, which they derive from the unrevised and unmitigated war-treaties of seventeen years ago. The British Government encourages the invocation of Geneva for other reasons, but chiefly as a means of supporting that mystic and misty principle of "collective security" which no one on earth can define in terms both practical and desirable.

J. L. GARVIN in the *Observer*,

A Deed Without a Name

It is observable that the professors of a superior virtue often have the knack of making virtue odious. Take, for example, this so-called "Peace Film," on which the official ban has been lifted, and which is already on exhibition in a number of picture houses. Who is responsible for this insidious attempt to pervert the public mind? Who is promoting it? Who is financing it? Information is withheld; for, in this case, the righteous, whoever they are, prefer to emulate the ways of the doers of evil, for their works are in the dark, and they say, "Who seeth us, and who knoweth us?" We do know from Lord Strabolgi that this "Peace Film" has been promoted by "a subsidiary of the League of Nations Union"; and we have the confession of the *Daily Herald* that it has been made "by the voluntary services of a number of film directors and by the contributions of private individuals." We are also told that "money is needed immediately to distribute it free to all exhibitors." Who are these people who seem so strangely shy of disclosing their identity? To what "subsidiary of the League of Nations Union" do they belong? If the League of Nations Union does not want to share the discredit of its anonymous auxiliaries, it should lose no time in making inquiry.

Were this so-called "Peace Film" merely an exposure of the horrors of war there would be less objection to it; because it would then be equally a warning against that war with Italy into which the Socialists and their organ have tried to hound this country. But its main purpose is to serve Party rather than Peace, by half truths and false suggestion. After showing the effects of bursting bombs, with the caption, "There is no defence!" and after showing pictures of a housewife, an ex-soldier and a worker, who are made to utter pacifist sentiments, the film closes with the presentation of a figure typical of the Socialist intelligentsia, who declares his faith in "a peace of reason," and invites his hearers to demand it. His allocution is followed by the caption, "Write to your M.P. about it." The plain implication of this address is that, if international disputes are not settled by agreement, it is the fault of the British Government in not seeking "a peace of reason."

The Morning Post.

No War For Us

If there is one thing in the shifting scene of international affairs that is fixed and certain, it is that the British people will not be party to another devastating world war.

They will certainly not consent to plunge the whole of Europe into a blood bath for a dubious cause.

At this time the drive of Geneva is towards such a conflict that suicidal folly should be stopped,

Everybody deplores the use of poison gas in warfare, but there is no warranty in international law for linking the accusations against Italy of its use to the application of sanctions, as Mr. Eden discovered on Friday.

Before tempers are lost about Italy's conduct in Abyssinia, people should be very sure of what Abyssinia really is and what is really happening there.

Italy for her part has produced documents that show atrocities by the Abyssinians quite as terrible as the use of gas bombs. To picture the Abyssinians as a simple pastoral people unjustly smitten by a stronger power is false.

The Abyssinians have always been a race of barbarians heedless of the sanctity of life and contemptuous of the values of civilisation.

In 1925 the British Government's representatives had to address strong remonstrances because Abyssinians were perpetually raiding Kenya and carrying off cattle, slaying men and women, and taking women and children into slavery. In 1928 the Abyssinians paid heavy monetary compensation for such raids into British territory.



If anyone doubts these facts they will be found in official White Papers issued when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir Austen Chamberlain were respectively heads of the Foreign Office.

Lady Simon in 1930 reported that slavery in Abyssinia had "advanced by leaps and bounds since 1922," and drew from her experience a horrifying picture of villages raided for slaves.

Sunday Dispatch.

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What is Wrong with Recruiting?

Easter is the season when citizen Soldiers throughout the country go into camp. Among male citizens of fit age, and mostly with votes, the Territorials are the exemplary minority who keep up the Swiss ideal of competent patriotism. They are free men who not only seek real training for home defence but have voluntarily accepted liability for service abroad. They form our only national military reserve behind a sadly depleted army.

For many a foolish year now this dutiful manliness of the Territorials has received little notice and less thanks. They have worked without public encouragement, and despite ludicrous deficiencies of equipment. Their ranks are much

below their statutory strength, though that strength on the lowest estimate ought to be doubled. In all these circumstances it is no wonder that the Territorials going into camp are not far more numerous. The admirable wonder is that that they do it at all.

Their example this Easter compels national attention to the common problem of the Regular Army and its Civic Reserve under the voluntary system. On all hands that problem is now admitted to be grave and urgent. Recruiting, whether for the Army or the Territorials, is in a bad way. What is wrong cannot be put right unless public opinion itself is roused to get a plain grip of facts and remedies.

The needs of the Regulars and Citizen Force are equally pressing. Otherwise the two aspects of recruiting are quite different. As regards the professionals, it is mainly a matter of finding money. As regards the Volunteers, it is as essentially a matter of finding time.

Take first the question of time and the Territorials. They are not out for more pay. What prevents large numbers of men from joining is the difficulty of getting time to attend drills and camps. In this connection the public-spirited action of Lord Rothermere and other employers who grant a fortnight's extra holiday to those of their employees who join the Territorials and attend summer camp is an example which, if widely followed and we refuse to doubt it, will be of incalculable service to the nation.

The key of the recruiting question for the Regular Army is a substantial rise in pay. Next to this comes the need for enlarging widely the excellent work of the Vocational Training Centres in fitting men for civilian jobs after leaving the service.

The Observer.

**

Horns and Tail

(The word "Satan" has, at the instance of the Censor, been blotted out from the sound track of the new film, "Follow the Fleet.")

Get thee behind me, Blank!

Though you tempt me passing sore,
And speak in the tones of my old friend, Jones,
I will *not* have just one more.

Get thee behind me, Blank!

For your importunings irk.
What's eighteen holes when a fellow's soul's
In jeopardy? Me for work!

Get thee behind me, Blank!

It's a bargain, as you say,
That "Nymph and Faun"; but I'm overdrawn.
It must wait till another day.

Get thee behind me, Blank!

She's a charming girl, it's true;
But furs and suppers put men on their uppers.
Be off now, and take her too.

ALGOL, in the *Morning Post*.

Conservatives ! Overthrow th

THE outlook for peace is becoming desperately bad, and it is no good disguising the fact.

It is being jeopardised every hour this country continues to permit its Government to remain a member of the League of Nations, and leaves foreign affairs in the hands of Mr. Anthony Eden.

It might have been supposed that even he would have learnt his lesson when Hitler marched into the Rhineland and the Locarno Powers who have guaranteed France were brought face to face with stark facts. It was a lesson any schoolboy could have taught him, namely that it is no good talking of force unless you are strong enough to exert it; and Mr. Eden is not. Great Britain at the present time, and for some considerable time to come, is from a military point of view impotent. Her Army, her Navy and her Air Force are notoriously obsolete, and we now have placed the charge of urgent national defences in the hands of a lawyer, Sir Thomas Inskip, who has done nothing so far except to set up a sub-committee. Our politicians think committees are a panacea for every form of neglect.

Mr. Eden did not learn his lesson. He came back to London and informed the House of Commons that he was not prepared to be the first British Foreign Secretary to go back upon a British signature. He had committed us to support France against Germany should trouble arise. That committal will certainly drag us into war. He should have coupled with that declaration, had he been honest, a demand that there should be general conscription immediately. If the nation were to realise where Mr. Eden is landing us in playing with fire there would be such an outcry as would lead to the overthrow of Mr. Baldwin, who placed Eden in the position where he can wreak such irreparable damage to the cause of peace. It is earnestly to be hoped that the people will not realise it too late.

We are being jostled by the extraordinary antics of Mr. Eden to antagonise first Italy and then Germany, and, before we have finished, France. The situation as regards the Rhineland occupation by the Germans may have receded for the moment.



Sir Thomas Inskip

The occupation is a *fait accompli*, but if trouble should burst forth again with renewed virulence in the next few weeks, and we are called upon to honour Mr. Eden's light-hearted guarantee, are we going to try to do so? Are we prepared to go to war with Germany? Are we ready to take on such an obligation in our present state of disarmament and unreadiness, with our Dominions by no means certain to support us in such a war? Persons have asked: "How can we avoid honouring this obligation?" There is only one way, known well among statesmen, and that is to repudiate the Minister or bunch of Ministers responsible for an act of policy to which the nation will not subscribe. That is a remedy open to the electors of this country. It is the only logical remedy. If Mr. Baldwin were defeated by his followers, or even if so strong an opposition were evinced as made it certain that he would be defeated unless he reversed his policy, he would have either to accept the resignation of Mr. Eden or resign himself.

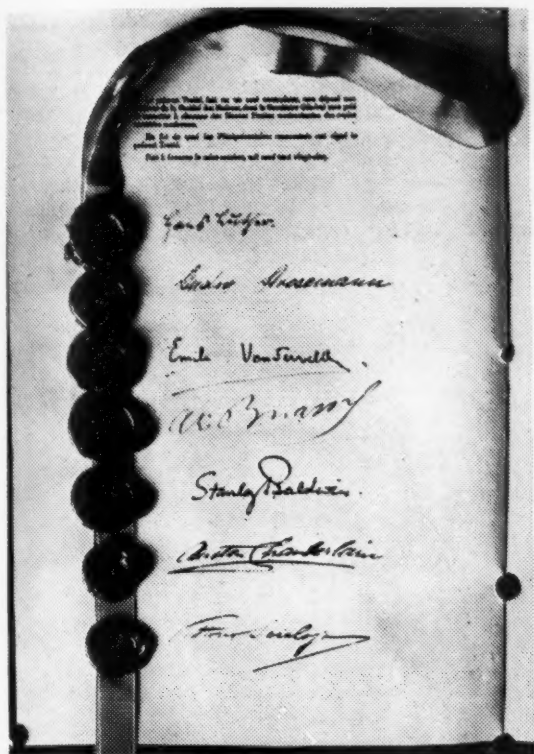
When Mr. Eden talks with his usual big bluster that he will not, as Foreign Secretary, go back on the Locarno Treaty obligations, he overlooks the fact that the demand for its performance is due to his own utter failure at the Foreign Office.

POLICY OF QUARRELLING

It is well known that Herr Hitler, who is extremely astute, would not have found the occasion favourable to re-occupy the Rhineland at this moment had it not been that Mr. Eden has been quarrelling and threatening Signor Mussolini ever since the Abyssinian war began, and as time has gone by has become more and more minatory and unfriendly. It is Eden's policy of quarrelling with Italy which compelled France to look out for another ally against Germany and so fell to the sinister lures of Litvinoff, who will certainly never fulfil any contract for war even if he were able, and, in addition, gave Herr Hitler the opportunity to reoccupy his own territories.

All the trouble arose in Europe when the League of Nations began to attempt to chastise Mussolini and imposed Sanctions upon Italy. But everybody on the Continent believes firmly that the League of Nations was only a *façade* for Mr. Eden to conduct a personal vendetta of his own against either Mussolini or Fascism or both. When Sir Samuel Hoare put forward his peace proposals with M. Laval, Signor Mussolini was prepared to talk matters over in a friendly spirit. What happened? A cabal was got up in London by Mr. Eden's particular clique aided by the League of Nations Union and all the Pacifist-Jingoes, and Mr. Baldwin indecently deserted Sir Samuel Hoare. It is common knowledge that any Sanc-

the League :— By KIM



The Locarno Treaty signatures.

tions imposed by the League are hated by its members, who are only galvanised into action by Eden himself. France, we know, hates the very name of Sanctions, so far as Italy is concerned. Mr. Eden can only buy the support of Russia and Roumania not to supply oil to Italy, if this Oil Sanction is imposed, by committing the British nation to further desperate commitments to fight for Russia and Roumania in case of war.

How much farther is this middle-aged man, obsessed by his own importance, to be allowed to drag us? Not satisfied with the manner in which he has torn the fabric of world peace into shreds by his awkward and stupid blunders, he now proceeds once more to Geneva and threatens Signor Mussolini again in the most violent words. The war "must" be stopped "immediately" or . . . and it is being whispered in well-informed quarters that Mussolini, flushed with victory, in a position to ally himself to Germany on favourable terms, may lose his patience. Such a Navy as we have and Air Force are cooped up in the Eastern Mediterranean, far from its Home base, and if it came to war the situation would be terrible. FOR THERE IS STILL THE LOCARNO PLEDGE HANGING ROUND OUR NECKS. NOR IS

IT BY ANY MEANS CERTAIN THAT A WAR WITH ITALY IN PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES WOULD BE FAVOURABLE FOR US. WORSE STILL, IT WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY BE ONLY THE PRELUDE TO WORLD WAR. We cannot afford a world war.

The situation is highly strained. It is time the nation took a hand. If the cause of the tension is the League of Nations Covenant, the only thing to do is to realise that it is an instrument for war and not for peace, and those who hail it with its Covenant and collective security and all the rest of its shams are dragging us into the utmost peril. It is deplorable to pick up a newspaper and find reported that to this hour one Minister after another goes on rendering homage to this inimical institution. Mr. Eden, rabid on the League, should fall by it. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir Austen Chamberlain—both these brothers are hedging a bit—and the others go on as if the League were still what Mr. Baldwin called it, his "sheet-anchor." It is distressing to find Mr. Winston Churchill still blessing it. Have none of them the courage to face the facts?

YOUTH MUST LEAD

The young Conservatives are to-day showing their teeth. Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Mr. Cartland and others who can rouse 79 M.P.'s to oppose the Black Pacts might render yet far greater service if they would come out straight in regard to the League of Nations. Its danger is apparent to-day to the man in the street. What are the return of Germany's Colonies or new Trade Agreements, or regulations for payment of unemployment pay, when weighed in the balance against our very national existence? These men are returned by Conservative votes to maintain the Throne, the nation, and the Empire. If Eden is given much more rope he will bring us down to the shambles. Their cry should be, come out of the League, make peace with Italy, and re-arm to the teeth without further delay. But nothing will be done until Mr. Baldwin is deposed. He is the real menace to the British people.



Mr. Baldwin

ABYSSINIA AND THE R

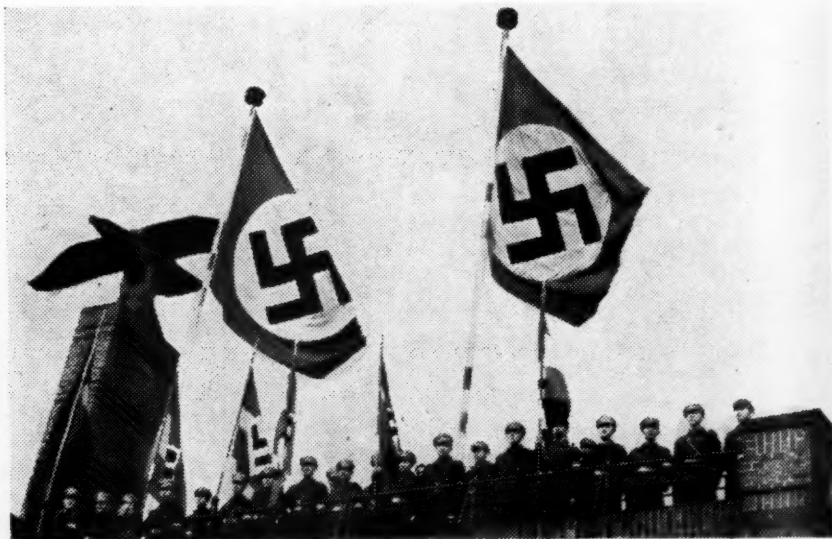
THE last few weeks have witnessed two important events—the Italian victories in East Africa, which, according to the reptile Press, are bringing a satisfactory solution far nearer than the various committees of Five, of Thirteen, of Eighteen, of Fifty-two are likely to do, and Hitler's *coup* in the Rhineland.

As to the second, no one in Italy was in the least surprised when Germany seized the opportunity offered by the conflict not between Italy and Abyssinia, but between Italy and the sanctionist Powers, to knock one more nail into the coffin of the Versailles Treaty. Public opinion passes no judgment on Germany's action, but regards it as natural and inevitable. That Germany would go on submitting to a position of discriminating inferiority and keep her Rhine frontier disarmed for all eternity, while France was permitted to arm hers to an unlimited extent, was as improbable as that she would go on paying vast sums in reparations long after the generation which had fought the war was dead. The world depression gave her the chance of wiping reparations off the slate, the European reactions of the East African conflict enabled her to re-establish equality on the Rhine. In both cases she chose her moment with consummate skill.

Italians regard the Rhineland question as not really serious from the point of view of European peace, for they do not believe that Germany has any intention of attacking France, any more than France has of attacking Germany. Had Hitler's action taken place before the League, under Mr. Eden's orders, had adopted its preposterous and illegal sanctionist policy, Italy would no doubt have joined the other Locarno Powers in protesting against the unilateral denunciation of a treaty and

the remilitarisation of the Rhine frontier without previous agreement, even though admitting that the question might be one for the application of the oft-forgotten Article 19 of the League Covenant providing for treaty revision.

But since the League itself—or rather the Governments which control it—have seen fit to violate almost every article in the Covenant, in the letter or the spirit or both, Italy could hardly be expected to join in the cackling and somewhat dis-



Un Fait Accompli.—German remilitarisation of the Rhineland—despite the League of Nations.

cordant chorus of disapproval, and still less to participate in any action which the other Locarno Powers may be contemplating, possibly without the intention of carrying it out.

Italians consider that before any gesture in defence of the "sanctity" of treaties be assumed, the whole question of League obligations should be reconsidered, and the League itself, if its continued existence be deemed desirable (which is doubtful) reconstructed. In the first place, there can be no respect for treaties unless all treaties are respected, without picking and choosing, and until the distinction between the Very Superior Powers who are allowed to treat their obligations as scraps of paper, and the Nasty Horrid Powers who must be punished whenever they do anything distasteful to the V.S.P.'s.

Italians appreciate the difficulties with which France is faced, and are ready to make excuses for a people with a memory of three invasions in a century. But it seems to them that the French are excessively obsessed by fears for their security,

RHINELAND

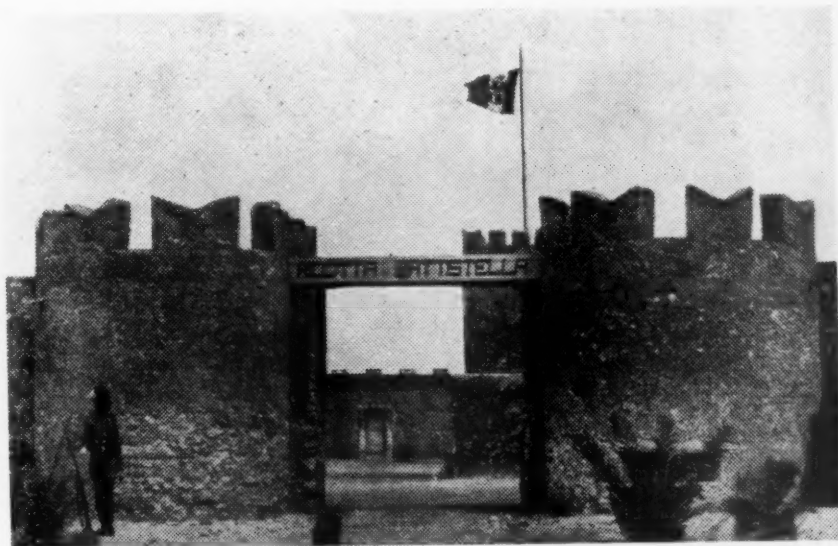
By Commendatore
LUIGI VILLARI

which does not appear in any danger at present. With their magnificent army and their impregnable Maginot line, one would think they were as safe as any nation can hope to be. Yet the fear complex still exists. It was this fear which made them appear ready to sacrifice their newly-secured friendship with Italy for the sake of the vague promises of the British Government to lend them assistance in the improbable case of a German attack. When the French Government pointed out that Italian assistance would be more immediate than any British help and the British fleet could not threaten the German ports in their deep estuaries, and that the battalions of the League of Nations Union, even with Lord Cecil as C.-in-C. and Gilbert Murray as M.G.G.S., could hardly hold up the advance of a German Army, it was told to count on the Franco-Soviet Pact, which the great majority of Frenchmen hated, and it did indeed put its trust in the most untrustworthy of Powers. This too, seems very odd to Italians, who realise that the Red Army is more likely to be a liability to its allies than to its enemies, and who would imagine that even the trusting French investor must remember how badly he has been had over Russian securities.

In considering the present dispute between Germany and the Locarno Powers, Italians cannot forget that while the present British Government has been deliberately trying to strangle and starve them into humiliating submission, happily without success, and that France and Belgium have been forced, albeit most unwillingly to lend a hand in this attempted assassination of a whole people, Germany flatly refused to obey the *Diktat* of Geneva and has continued to trade actively with Italy. Germany may have been acting in her own interest in so doing, but that interest happened to coincide with that of the Italians. They are, therefore, not in the least inclined to participate in an attempt to coerce or punish Germany for doing something which, after all, was a perfectly understandable action.

Mussolini was the first post-war statesman to understand the German situation and the importance of the German factor in the European com-

munity. He realised before anyone else that the only way to restore a real and lasting peace in Europe was to create a definite agreement among the four great Powers—Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany—a scheme which he embodied in the Four-Power Pact of 1933. Had that agreement been maintained, we should all have been in a far safer and more satisfactory situation than we are now. But it was broken by a series of actions for which Italy herself can in no ways be held responsible. Its reconstitution is still regarded in Italy as the best hope for the future safety of Europe and for the maintenance of European civilisation. If the monstrous League policy is not dropped, there will be the very serious danger of a division of Europe into two camps, each armed to the teeth against the other and leading sooner or later to a new and more disastrous Armageddon.



Un Fait Accompli.—Italian conquest of Abyssinia—despite the League of Nations.

Italy certainly has no wish to see such a situation arise, and still believes in the sanity of the British nation as a whole, if not in that of some of its present rulers, and still trusts that it will realise too, the necessity for a common line of policy among all the responsible Powers.

The diplomatic reactions of the East African conflict, however, are becoming ever less interesting to the Italian people in view of what Marshal Badoglio's forces have achieved and are still achieving "down there." The sanctionist policy has proved an ignominious and ridiculous failure—indeed it appears to be in the unpleasant condition of the body of the late-lamented John Brown in the American Civil War song, and in the meanwhile the Italian armies "go marching along."

Eden the War-monger

By Meriel Buchanan

IT is reported from Geneva that, when he attended the Meeting of the Council of Thirteen, the British Foreign Minister was wearing what has become known in League Circles as "That Sanctions look."

Mr. Eden is, it appears, determined to surpass himself. He may perhaps have heard the ominous rumours which have been prevalent lately, regarding his possible dismissal, and is therefore making the most of the opportunities still left him to make mischief.

It is surely time that the British Nation should demand a safeguard from Mr. Eden's activities, for if these activities are allowed to continue unchecked, the present position in Europe, already so fraught with danger, will without a doubt end in the war which at present is only a nightmare, dimly presaged in the minds of men, still haunted by the memories of the last war.

Mr. Eden has seized on the Italian's alleged use of poison gas as an excuse for once more giving rein to his virulent hatred of Signor Mussolini, while at the same time he belittles the fact that the

Abyssinians have been consistently making use of dum-dum bullets, and minimises the appalling tortures which have been inflicted on Italian prisoners of war. It is rumoured that Mr. Eden is advising the closing of the Suez Canal; he is certainly pressing fervently for further Sanctions against Italy; he has stated that peace must only be made "within the framework of the League," and has mentioned the fact that Abyssinia has insisted on a League representative being present at the Peace parleys.

"If Abyssinia is going to make difficulties we shall know who is responsible," Monsieur Flandin observed cuttingly, and administered a further snub to the British Foreign Minister by asserting that the Committee had not the right to handle the question of Italy's alleged breach of the Anti-Gas Convention, and that inquiries should be made into the Abyssinian atrocities, hinting that if further Sanctions were imposed on Italy, France would vote against Britain.

The attitude of the French Press clearly indicates France's feeling on this question. Mr. Eden has made a bitter enemy of Italy, he has antagonised Germany, he has, it now seems, alienated France as well. Egged on by his co-operator and accomplice, Litvinoff, he has blazoned his hatred of Signor Mussolini all over Europe, and has publicly proclaimed Italy the aggressor, regardless of the fact that she was avenging wrongs done to her in the past, and had repeatedly warned the League that she would be forced to



Abyssinian warriors—this is the type of "civilisation" the League of Nations wishes to preserve. Why? Anthony Eden and his crony, Litvinoff, could supply the answer.

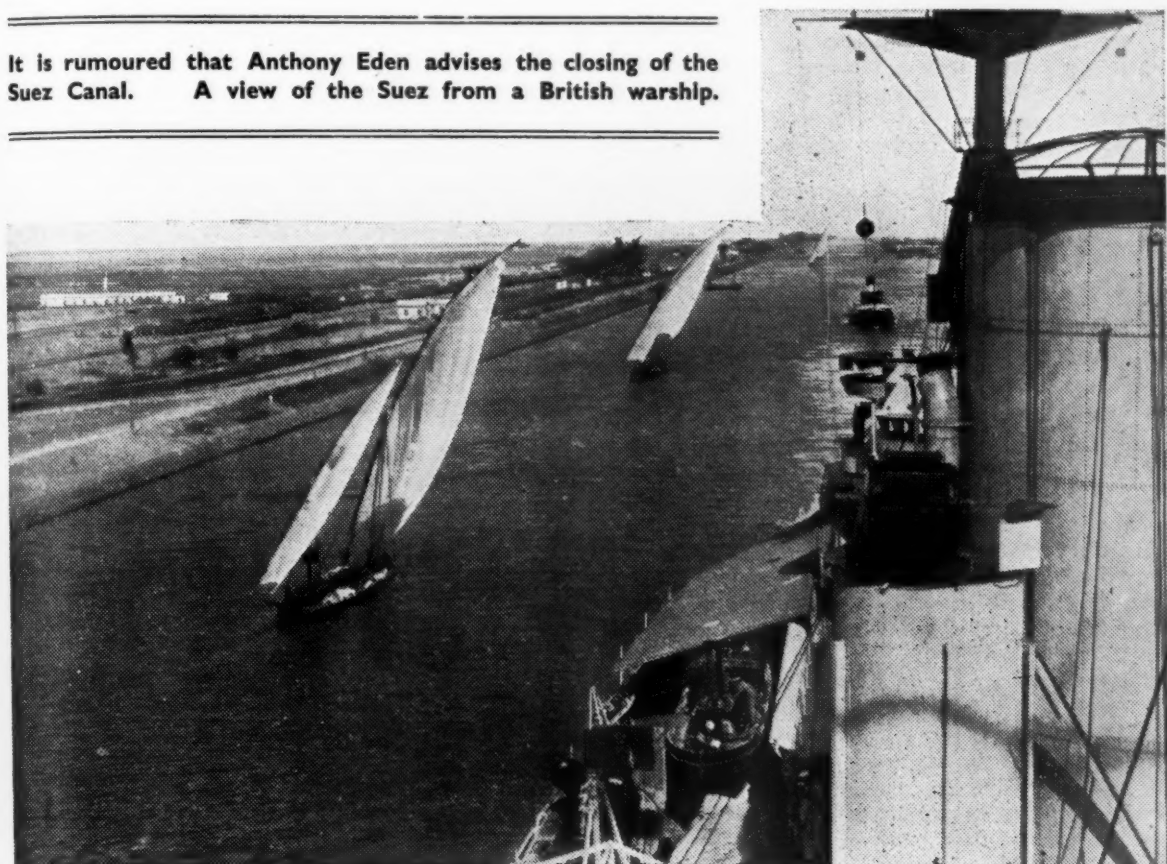
take action if these wrongs were not put right.

The actual word "aggressor" was first given prominence in a London newspaper, although on September 4th, 1935, the League of Nations had only declared Italy to be guilty of breaking the Covenant. That word was eagerly taken up by the League of Nations Union, and has been freely made use of by Mr. Eden. The extenuating circumstances of the Abyssinian raids and incursions into Italian territories, the violation of Treaties, the fearful cruelties practised on their own defenceless people by the Abyssinian Ras, have all been disregarded, and the stigma of "Aggressor" is allowed to rest on the Italian nation, without the evidence ever having been properly submitted for trial.

his iniquitous friendship with the ex-criminal, Litvinoff. It is time now for the people to take matters into their own hands and demand the resignation of a man so unfitted to direct Foreign Policy at this moment of grave and critical tension in Europe, a man who allows his own personal grievances and likes and dislikes to rule his policy and govern his actions.

If further Sanctions are imposed on Italy, France will refuse to vote for them, leaving only Russia to support England. If the Suez Canal is closed, Italy would without a doubt regard it as a direct act of war, and take steps accordingly. Mr. Eden is already largely responsible for the lives of thousands of Italian and Abyssinian soldiers, for his insane support of the Negus has

It is rumoured that Anthony Eden advises the closing of the Suez Canal. A view of the Suez from a British warship.



Is England going to sit down supinely while this elegant but supremely dangerous Foreign Minister continues to jeopardise her safety and embroils her in quarrels which will inevitably lead to the shambles of a war whose horror will surpass anything the world has ever known?

The *Saturday Review* has continually warned the British people of this man's dangerous proclivities. It has over and over again emphasised

undoubtedly prolonged the war by many months. Is he now going to make himself responsible for the lives of our soldiers and sailors, who, in order to satisfy his venom, are to be sacrificed for a barbaric black race whose savage cruelties surpass imagination? His policy of sanctions has already cost England over £8,000,000; let us beware that it does not cost us the lives of those we cherish, the security and peace of our homes, the future welfare of the Empire.

From Bad to Worse

By Robert Machray

WITH more to lose and with less proportionate preparedness to fight for its possessions than any other country in the world, England is cursed with a Government which appears to be determined to continue a foreign policy that goes from bad to worse, and swings from all "risks for peace" to all risks for war. Judging from Mr. Eden's statements in the House of Commons and at Geneva last week, our foolish Government has made up its mind to shut its eyes to realities, though some of its supporters, like Mr. Boothby, see them clearly enough. It still stands by the League and its collective security, though both alike are discredited by the march of events.

At the moment the German and French peace plans may be disregarded. The German plan has been ridiculed by France and the French plan by Germany, as was to be expected. Some competent observers think that the French plan is to a large extent designed to influence the French elections which are to take place within a few days, and that it is not to be taken too seriously. Questions are being put to the German Government on certain points of its plan which need elucidation, and this means delay. In any case, little or nothing can be done that counts in this matter till the meeting of the League Council next month.

ITALY'S SUCCESS

It is not the peace plans, whatever their importance, that hold the centre of the stage to-day. That position is filled by the Italian-Abyssinian war and the League. More than six months have elapsed since the war began, in spite of the League, and the cold fact for the League is that the war has been a great success for Italy—a far greater and speedier success than generally anticipated. Undoubtedly it looks as if Signor Mussolini had complete victory within his grasp, notwithstanding the Sanctions imposed by the League, and the presence of the British Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean.

For the League and our Government, which egged on and backed it, these are the formidable realities of the situation. What is the League going to do? Once more we are being told that it is a testing time for the Geneva Institution, perhaps a final test, with its existence in the balance. All its devotees and partisans clamour for it to take further action against Italy, and this presumably will involve the oil and other onerous Sanctions. As everybody knows, the financial and economic Sanctions now employed would never have been imposed but for the "leadership" of our Government last October.

What is our Government going to do now? This is the real question at issue, and much—it may be, everything—depends on the answer. In his speech on Monday of last week Eden, in contradiction to his speech near the close of March which was

deplored by the *Daily Herald* as a betrayal of the League, reverted to his former stand for the League and collective security. And at Geneva he went a good deal farther, for in effect he ordered Mussolini to bring hostilities to a close at once, in the name of the League. For the spokesman of a British Government to talk in this imperious way implies exactly what?

War, if Mussolini refuses to obey, as is certain? Or the dissolution ere long of the League? The Italian Press speaks of the language used by Eden as "impudent," but it is much worse than that, for it is imprudent to the verge of lunacy in a man who would be thought a statesman, with peace as his chief aim. Our Government, indeed, seems to be resolved on doing everything in its power to render the alienation of Italy from England as absolute as possible. Another sign of this unfortunate development in the Government's policy is the emphasis in Rome placed on the ignoring of Italy in the negotiations with Germany, a semi-official statement pointing out that without Italy nothing can be done in Europe, and that recent events have shown that other Powers are seeking help from Italy.

CONFUSION

The negotiations referred to are concerned with the elucidating questions Eden is asking on behalf of the Locarno Powers, Italy excepted. But there is no real coherence among those Powers, for France demands Sanctions against Germany contrary to the wish of England, who desires—demands, if Eden prevails—additional Sanctions against Italy, a thing France abhors, though she reluctantly was compelled to adopt those already in force. Such is the confused background at Geneva, with talk of France quitting the League, and yet this is the time selected by our purblind Government for what the Italians can only construe as equivalent to a threat of war. Flushed with victory, what else can they consider it?

An acute commentary on the situation is contained in the Note in which Turkey at the week-end expressed her desire to fortify the Dardanelles. Among the reasons she gives for the change is notably and cogently "uncertainty in the Mediterranean." Who in the world two or three years ago would ever have thought of making use of such a phrase, for was not England supreme? Was it not through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal that her life-line passed to India and the East? Who would dare to try to cut it? How remote from realities are these questions now! For this we have to thank our blundering Governments past and present, but the present Government most of all, in establishing the League as the corner-stone of England instead of rearming her against all eventualities.

MacDonald the Duffer

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.



Ramsay MacDonald

EVEN before he fled, in the fashion of the proverbial rat, from the Labour Party, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was criticised by his "colleagues" therein as the most muddle-headed of writers. According to one of his pre-1931 boon companions, the last vestiges of clarity of thought desert him the moment he takes a pen between his fingers.

Now even the newspapers most friendly to this phenomenon of modern political life have discovered that he cannot speak clearly either. His speeches, according to newspapers of quite different views, bear no relation to his supposed

subject, and not only that—they display a stupidity so stupendous as to be almost incredible.

After the Scots Universities had done themselves the peculiar honour of restoring him to the House of Commons, the *Daily Telegraph* wrote, "Mr. MacDonald is the most disconcerting speaker on either front bench. He is like a little boxer who takes a blow at his opponent's chin and then one at his own. He leaves his guard open, too, in the most astonishing way for such an experienced campaigner. At one time the ribaldry of the Socialists reached such proportions that Mr. MacDonald turned to Mr. Baldwin and asked him if he was doing badly."

ALL TALK

The *Manchester Guardian* phrased it rather differently. "The importance attached by the Government to the distressed areas," it said, "can be judged by its choice of a spokesman to expound its policy. When a Cabinet has nothing to say it puts up Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, knowing that the stonier and barer the ground the more luxuriant the crop of verbiage he will produce."

But neither of these comments give any true idea of the downright imbecility of his first speech since his re-election. Not only was his style so involved that it was often hard to discover what exactly he intended to convey, but more than once he used phrases which were capable of an ironic application to himself and his own position.

The most unlucky example came when he was speaking of the transference of men from the distressed areas. He insisted on the need of con-

sideration for "the man who has been transferred." Roars of laughter broke out, and when they had subsided Mr. MacDonald tried to save the situation with the asinine remark, "I know the value of a friendly hand." Then, more preposterously than ever, he went on to say that many men were "anxious to be transferred from areas where there is no prospect for them." Of course, roars of laughter came from all sides of the House. Then a Socialist Member called out, "Oh, do sit down, man! It's a ghastly tragedy."

We may well agree. To say nothing of his record as a traitor, first to his country and then to the party which had built up his career, it is tragedy enough to see a man who can neither write nor speak with ordinary clarity a member of the English Cabinet. His presence there could only be excused on the grounds of expediency (morality of any sort condemns it out of hand) if he were a figurehead of importance because of his popularity with the people.

UNIQUE WISDOM!

But Seaham was sufficient comment on his popularity, and now we have it from a most reliable source that Mr. MacDonald is actually allowed to thrust his ill-conceived ideas into the avowed policy of this country on matters of major importance. He is not retained for his electioneering value, but for the unique wisdom of his counsel! He is added to Mr. Eden as an assistant representative of the Locarno Powers, and the idea of a world conference was, we are assured, "the personal suggestion of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald."

It only remains for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to make one of his amazing speeches to the whole world, while the spectres of the failures of his many past conferences jibber in the background, and the British voter retires to the comparative peace of Bedlam.

As the editor of the *Paris-Soir* has warned us, "a big peace conference is somewhat like a surgical operation for which it is necessary to make careful preparations. For if the surgeon slips it means death." In other words, since 1919 Europe has suffered a plethora of conferences and the last state is far worse than the first. Now, with the danger of war looming literally in even an ill-considered syllable, we are to be committed to yet another of these fantastic and invariably unsuccessful expedients, and committed to it at the suggestion of a man who cannot even address an audience of his own countrymen without exciting derision and disgust.

There is but one hope for peace, as for decency. Let England at once set her own house in order. Let her purge her Cabinet even more drastically than the famous Pride's purge of the Cromwellian Army.

RACING

The Little Man's Paradise

By David Learmonth

EASTER, which we have just enjoyed, is a time of rejoicing. It is also a time when the small owner of an indifferent 'chaser or two, after much cogitation and perusal of the *Racing Calendar* sets out to make a bit towards his expenses. No doubt by now some have, and some on the other hand have not.

Already, as I write, the cry of "too many Bank Holiday meetings" is going up. It is a very useful cry indeed, because it can be elaborated to fill up quite a lot of space. I doubt, however, if anyone takes any notice of it.

It may be that on Easter Monday a quart is forced into a pint pot. But I do not think it matters; for the tastes of all are catered for. There is the important meeting at Kempton Park for those who are satisfied only with first class fare on the flat. There is the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester for those who prefer to witness the last really important steeplechase of the season; then there are meetings under both rules, but mainly under National Hunt rules, of various degrees of importance, down to the humblest of all and the common or garden point to point.

These smaller meetings are great fun and, though in some cases there may be a shortage of runners, they are invariably well attended by a crowd in holiday mood. Moreover, they serve a very useful purpose, as they provide a convenient means for the local people who do not attend meetings far afield to witness the sport and thus tend to keep general interest in it alive.

Budding Jockeys

These small meetings at Easter and Whitsun are valuable in another respect as they give many opportunities to lads who during the rest of the year get few or no rides to show what they can do in public. It is true that some races may be lost through inexperience, and that certain disgruntled backers may say hard things — I have already heard a few since the beginning of the week — but this is a matter of little importance.

Some of these country meetings have, in my opinion, deteriorated through mistaken efforts to make them too pretentious. The one which I attended on Easter Monday is a case in point. I can remember the days when the roof of the stand was a tarpaulin and the horses went a little more than twice round in a two mile steeplechase, while the course itself was a quagmire more often than not. Yet years ago it sported a four hundred pound 'chase, which is more than it does now.

The spirit of progress and the fact that there was "a live man at the helm" caused the course to be moved to a more suitable position where the going is always firm. Important stands were built and lawns laid out, and the first visitors arrived full of hope. Unfortunately the architect who designed the stands had forgotten all about the crowd, with

the result that no one could see anything of the racing. Matters have been improved now; but one cannot see as well as one could on the old course, and the intimate spirit has gone. I doubt whether the meeting takes as much money as it used to.

Some of the meetings, however, have preserved their original atmosphere. The courses are situated in all sorts of places, one at least on a golf links on the side of a mountain. A sporting course, this. One meets the open ditch at the bottom of a hill. The soil is heavy clay, which can sometimes be slippery if rain has come suddenly after a fine period. Then a horse must challenge that ditch if he is going to get over; if he is a sticky jumper or his rider tries any funny tricks such as steadying him, he will slip into it.

Hostile Crowd

Yet the locals take their racing seriously here. They know their Nat Gould as well as a country squire knows his Surtees and look for a sinister motive in every mishap. I remember one day a jockey, who had tried to squeeze through on the inside, got pushed the wrong side of a flag. When I returned to scale I found a hostile crowd battering on the door of the weighing room demanding his blood.

Officials and stewards, mostly local tradesmen, eventually opened the door gingerly, looking very pale about the gills, and let us in. Eventually we passed the scales and found the jockey crouched under a bench in the dressing room.

I once rode a winner at this meeting which had disastrous results. I was staying at a local hotel owned by a retired Lancashire spinner who had apparently sold out at the top of the market. He asked me if I fancied my horse. When I said I did he had a bet, which I discovered later was a hundred pounds and was, of course, the reason why I could not get a decent price myself.

This so elated him that he was drunk for a fortnight afterwards and, so far as I know, for the rest of his life. Anyhow, when next I visited the town I found the hotel sold up and the late proprietor in bankruptcy, due, I was informed, to a propensity he had developed for having ten pound mixed doubles every week-day of the year.

I remember another occasion when I went to ride a horse at two small meetings in the Midlands, one on the Saturday and the other on Easter Monday. The horse was second at the first meeting; but when the owner and I went to look at him on the Monday we found he was unable to put his off fore leg, which was as big as a bolster, to the ground.

To my astonishment the owner said, "I think we'll run him all the same, as the opposition is very weak." I said that, in that case, someone else could ride him, for which he never forgave me.

A New Deal for Property

By an American Correspondent

AERICAN Socialists masquerading as Democrats and New Dealers have been taught a sharp lesson by the United States Supreme Court, which in its two decisions destroying the National Recovery Administration and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration have demonstrated that the American Constitution still protects the owner of property against confiscation, either by direct action or unfair and excessive taxation. So long as it continues to function and the Court is not packed to secure a reversal of the verdicts, the thrifty and prosperous will be protected against raids by demagogues who profess to be acting on behalf of the less fortunate members of the community.

The two activities which have been destroyed by the court decisions were probably about the most absurd, if not most vicious, ever devised by a Government. The first, the N.R.A., made work for the unemployed. The second, the A.A.A., paid farmers not to work. Under the N.R.A. unemployed artists were given jobs by the Federal Government, painting murals in public buildings and decorating other property. Actors were employed to produce amateur plays, and dancers to teach rhythmic dancing in schools. There was no pretence that the work was useful. It was just work, and about as useful as the old task of digging a hole and filling it up again, which used to be set to workhouse inmates in England. Anyhow, the slogan was that something must not be given to the unemployed for nothing.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

But when we come to the A.A.A., we find a different kettle of fish. The farmer was suffering because of low prices. The way to get prices up was to restrict supply, it was argued, and to induce the farmer to restrict supplies, he was told to plow in a third of his cotton, a quarter of his wheat, slaughter his young pigs and so on. The Government then paid him at market prices for the cotton and wheat and hogs which he would have raised had he not destroyed them. Not raising hogs and wheat and cotton became an industry; so much so indeed, that owners of abandoned farms which they used as country residences, were paid for not raising hogs that they had never thought of raising, and for not growing wheat and potatoes that they couldn't grow if they wanted to!

All this had to be paid for out of taxes, and who was to be taxed but "the rich"? By "the rich," apparently, was meant everyone who had a job or any property. Tax rates were soaring and many jobholders gave up their jobs to become farmers who didn't raise crops and got paid for it, or relief workers who did better out of this than by working at a real job. Just what it has cost it is hard to say, for the accounts are so involved

that no one yet has been able to disentangle the items, but this year it was estimated that £100,000,000 of extra taxes would be needed to finance the A.A.A. alone. At least as much has been saved by the squelching of the N.R.A. and thousands of job holders who were making an easy living out of the administration of these great undertakings and their scores of subsidiaries, will now have to seek real work.

Conservative Americans are to-day thanking God for the Supreme Court which has saved them from the dangers of what is practically one chamber Government. It is true that Congress consists of the House of Representatives and the Senate, but both are popularly elected on a universal franchise, and although the term of the Senator is longer than that of the Representative, he is too near the mob to exercise an independent judgment. The Senate, therefore, has not the delaying powers that belong to the British House of Lords, even in its present emasculated condition.

BASIC PRINCIPLES

The saner elements in America are therefore compelled to fall back on the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Antiquated as the Constitution may be, it still lays down certain basic principles of government, and for the guidance of human society to which all legislation to be constitutional must conform. The Supreme Court interprets the Constitution, and it is the one governing body in the United States which is free from the taint of mob politics. Its members are appointed by the President for life and can only be removed by impeachment for grave misconduct. They are nearly always America's most eminent jurists, who have earned a competence at the bar and regard appointment to the Supreme Court as the crown of their career.

They may honestly differ sometimes in interpretation as judges do everywhere, but as verdicts are given by a majority of the court, sanity can always be trusted to prevail. The court, therefore, performs the functions which the House of Lords used to perform here, in preventing and delaying the passage of dangerous legislation.

The fact that it is always in the background deters the more dangerous demagogues from forcing revolutionary measures through Congress on a wave of public excitement, and it also causes more careful drafting by serious legislators to escape an adverse verdict on technical grounds.

These are some of the reasons why the advocates of property rights in America are now basing their campaign on the maintenance of the constitution and a return to the principles laid down by its framers. This is not a throwback to mediævalism. It is a reaffirmation of certain basic principles on which all ordered society rests.

When in Doubt—Take As a Dog Returneth to

AS a dog returneth to his vomit"—so Anthony Eden returneth to the League of Nations.

For a while, after the frank confession of Sir Austen Chamberlain that the League endangered Britain more than it helped her, Mr. Eden seemed to have been weaned away from his obsession.

Everyone with the slightest perception knew that Geneva was dragging Europe headlong into war, if not with Germany with Italy.

Everyone realised that the Powers that remain in the League are materially at the mercy of the Powers outside of the League if war starts. For a short blessed lull the impetuous Mr. Eden seemed also to have realised this.

But the interlude of sanity was short. It usually is in megalomania.

What is behind this passion for the League?

It is surely significant that Mr. Eden's transports date from the fateful day when Litvinoff became president of the League of Nations a tribunal to which Italy, rightly hating Litvinoff and all his horrible work, was invited to submit herself.

Litvinoff, disgracing Geneva by his presidency over its deliberations, became the chief crony and mentor of our youthful and inexperienced Minister.

Litvinoff has at least the merit of political consistency.



Hitler & Mussolini—two strong men armed.



Flandin & Litvinoff. What is the meaning behind the Franco-Russian pact?

He has always wanted to bring Britain to the dust: he has always wanted to destroy the capitalist nations.

His diplomacy has been fiendishly clever. Let us not under-rate this Jewish cunning of his.

He has persuaded Eden to nail Britain's colours to the hollow mast of the League. Those colours are not the brave Union Jack of our national heritage and fame, they are the multicolours of Locarno.

He has first entwined Britain and France and next forced upon France the Franco-Soviet Pact.

This has had the effect of making Britain an indirect ally of Russia.

BLACK OIL SANCTIONS

ur to His Vomit

By . . .
"HISTORICUS"



MacDonald & Eden. What are they driving at?

Britain is now the potential catspaw and sacrifice of Russian foreign policy.

To this Mr. Eden has consented most guilelessly.

Or was his consent so guileless?

Is it possible that this career-maker, as Mussolini has called him, also now has a vested interest in the downfall of the present governmental system in Britain?

Is he prepared to embroil Britain in Russia's cause, knowing that should the League of Nations be swept away, Eden is swept away with it?

We know that Mr. Eden has always been the puppet of Ramsay MacDonald. We know that Ramsay MacDonald in 1917—when Britons were dying in the trenches—called on this country to follow Russia into Bolshevism.

British Bolshevism in 1917 would have meant a dictatorship for MacDonald.

The British people were too strong for him. Just as British seamen refused to carry him to confer with his murdering foreign friends, so British working men all over these islands refused to follow his lead into Russian tyranny and anarchy.

But the Russianism of MacDonald has never been changed.

It was under his Premiership that our foreign policy became that of Litvinoff.

What are MacDonald and Eden driving at?

Do they still play with the mad dream of 1917—a Britain disrupted by war turning Bolshevik? Do they see a MacDonald or an Eden dictatorship, run in conjunction with that of Moscow?

It may sound wild to a sane mind, but when men grow inflated with the *folie de grandeur*, when they swell with personal ambition, nothing is too wild for their heated minds.

What word has Eden spoken of British interests? He has spoken much of the interests of Geneva, and of the Russian who Presided there when Eden first began to drag Britain into her present tragic mess.

The people of this country are a trusting race. They are not "a turbulent and a clamorous people."

It is time they woke up.

They have been stripped of their arms. Their youth has been poisoned with a pacifist poison.

Now they are being presented as the aggressive spear-head of Russian antagonism to Germany and Italy.

Unless they rid themselves of their false leaders, their doom will be upon them.

No truck with Russia and British-minded Ministers to guard British interests—that alone is the policy which can save us.

A Night With Brock

By Dan Russell

NIGHT descended upon the countryside. Down in the village lights appeared in cottage windows. The open doorway of the Green Man threw a lozenge-shaped patch of radiance upon the muddy roadway, and from the bar-parlour came a constant hum of talk. The work of the day was over and, save for the shepherd in his little hut upon the hill-top, all men took their ease.

But in the thickets and woodlands the wild creatures came out to go upon their stealthy ways. In a deep grove of hazel far up on the silent hill a dog-fox padded his lonely way. As he passed between the slender stems he flung a sideways

The largest and most used hole lay under a blackberry bush. Its interior was in deep shadow. But in this shadow, motionless, save for the ceaseless twitching of the nostrils, was the lean head of an old badger. He crouched there, two feet inside the safety of his home, and sniffed at every eddy and gust of air which came to him. His little piggy eyes were weak and of no use to him, but his nostrils were keen and could detect the presence of an enemy at a great distance. But this evening they brought him no message of fear. There was the scent of rabbit and the smell of a wandering hedgehog and, above all, the nauseous taint of fox, but of man there was no sign.



Badger Digging—Old Brock meets his hated enemy—Man!

glance at the deep badger earth which lay in the centre of the thicket. He caught a whiff of the rank badger taint and lifted his lips in a snarl as the scent tingled in his delicate nostrils. Like all the other creatures of the night he feared and respected the brocks.

The earth lay in deep shadow. Before each of its many entrances was a great heap of soil and dried grass. This grass was the soiled bedding, for badgers are cleanly creatures and change their bed every few days. The soil was drawn out from the deep galleries which the busy miners were continually driving deeper into the ground. A veritable fortress was this earth, safe from the attacks of dog or man.

For a full half-hour old Brock lay still and tested the various smells of the evening. For, although an angry badger is the most redoubtable warrior of the English country, he is in the ordinary way a peaceable, timid beast who will go far to avoid unnecessary fighting. Also long years of persecution have given him an abiding dread of men. So every night old Brock waited a long while before venturing forth into the open air.

At length the old fellow decided that all was well. His mind made up, he wasted no time but shot out of his earth at a surprising speed. Once on the bare patch of earth in front of his home, his fears seemed to vanish. He grunted to himself and waddled over to a sapling which bore upon its

lower part the marks of sharp claws. Rearing up on his short hind-legs, Brock embraced the trunk and cleansed and sharpened his claws upon the bark. Then he set off on his travels.

Out of the thicket he ambled and along the hillside towards the big wood. All the time he carried on a long conversation with himself in a series of grunts. He reached the chalk-stream and paused for a drink. Then he wandered along the bank and searched for beetles. But there were not many about and he found only three. He left the stream and wandered on to the wood.

In the bank of the guarding hedge a doe rabbit had her litter of four in a shallow breeding earth. Brock was passing over this when his nose brought him news of the nest beneath. For a moment or two he moved about the bank, then he located the exact position of the nest and dug down to it. He dug neatly, making a little circular hole just large enough for his narrow head to go in. In less than a minute a few muffled squeals told that four baby rabbits had died. Brock waddled on, licking his lips.

In the wood he dug up a few roots which ordinarily were a favourite part of his diet. But to-night he felt that he wanted meat. Roots seemed tasteless after rabbit. But Brock was not built for a hunter. He was too short in the legs, too heavy and clumsy to catch anything that could run. All he could hope for was to find some sick or wounded beast.

But to-night he was lucky. He rounded the

corner of the wood and surprised a hedgehog which had been beetle-hunting. The little animal rolled itself into a prickly ball. Now with any other animal this would have been protection enough, but Brock was indifferent to the sharp spines. With one bite he crunched through the pin-sharp spines and the hedgehog went the same way as the rabbits.

The night was still young and he was still hungry. Leaving the scattered prickles of the unfortunate hedgehog, he roamed back along the hedge-bank, hoping for another nest of rabbits. He found it, and six more blind babies died. Now he was full-fed and happy. He strolled back towards his home.

Suddenly he stopped, his little black eyes gleaming with suspicion. The track in front of him did not seem to be any different, but those sensitive nostrils told him that a man had been here. With fore-legs widespread, he eyed the ground. Then he tucked his head between his fore-legs and somersaulted forward.

There was a click and a large gin trap snapped shut. But Brock was free, running hard for the shelter of his earth, from which he would not venture for many long hours. All that the trap retained was a few strands of his coarse, gray hair.

Deep in the earth the old Badger settled himself to sleep. He was full-fed and content and his earth was warm and cosy. Not until night came again would he venture out to brave the perils of the outer world.

Educating England's Tramps

WHAT is your picture of a tramp? Probably you conjure up visions of a worn out old man, with clothes that are nothing more nor less than rags, and pushing all his worldly belongings in a dilapidated perambulator or carrying them in a swag-bag. This legion of the lost will be on Britain's roads again as the weather gets warmer.

But there *are* some intelligent tramps on our roads. It is estimated that they read over 10,000 books a year!

In fact, they have their own "librarian." He is Mr. Lionel Jones, of Baldock, who has converted an old malt-house into a wayfarers' bookshop. He does not sell books—but gives them away—at the rate of over 5,000 a year! In addition, he gives them boots and clothing.

Once, he wrote to Mr. George Bernard Shaw to ask his opinion on supplying books to Britain's tramps. This is what that remarkable gentleman replied:—

" . . . It is impossible not to sympathise with an impossibilist; but an attempt to combine a bookselling business with a casual ward goes beyond even my large observation of impossibilism. How can I encourage you in a course which will, sooner or later, end in your ceasing to be a bookseller and becoming a wayfarer and a warning to all who think that the evils of a dis-

honestly organised society can be cured by individual enterprise? . . .

" However, it would be interesting if you would publish a balance sheet, as Ruskin did, to show how the impossible works financially."

But Mr. Jones replies that his liabilities are nil (his books are given to him), and his assets are the consciousness that he is doing something to cheer the down-and-outs of his country!

Even King Edward VIII was sufficiently interested to express his thanks to the tramps' librarian in a letter. And the Governor-General of Canada also approved.

Many of Mr. Jones's callers are broken-down stockbrokers, former stage stars, and school teachers. Some of them want books on natural history, most of them like poetry, especially Tennyson, Browning and Wordsworth, and one who had an intimate knowledge of Karl Marx and Herbert Spencer engaged Mr. Jones in a long discussion, showing that he was a man of Utopian ideals.

Then it was found that tramps wanted books on grammar; many could speak several languages. One regular caller was once the wealthy owner of 2,000 books, and calls periodically for books on mathematics!

Yes, a great army of educated men is on the march. Men of all ages, attainments and professions.

P.U.

LETTERS FROM

The Menace of Bolshevism

SIR,—What a consuming fire the rulers of Germany lighted when they sent that sealed trainload of Jewish revolutionaries into Russia!

Fortified by 2,000,000 pounds of German gold, the eastern frontier of the Fatherland was certainly cleared; but at what a cost!

"*Proximus ardet Ucalegon.*" You may not set fire to your neighbour's house and expect your own to be unscathed.

Only the resolution of two dictatorial statesmen has sufficed to turn aside that recoiling blaze. Kerensky was swept away by the mob in Russia. Liberal democracy, itself the child of the Revolution, naturally was powerless, for how can Satan eject Satan?

For the present Italy and Germany lift their heads above the smoke. Communism and Marxism have "taken a knock."

That is why all the Forces of the Left rage so furiously against the "excesses" of Hitlerism, the militancy of Mussolini, and the perfectly loyal activities of British Fascism, but never utter a word of condemnation of the "bloody baboonery" of Moscow.

The spread of Bolshevism goes on unceasingly in Mexico, France, Spain, India and among ourselves. Astute and well paid agents are at work tampering with the Army and the Navy, exciting the discontented and disorderly, and confusing the minds of the well-meaning and gullible.

Doped and duped as the people are by cunning voices, and immersed in trivialities, warnings of "the wrath to come" are discounted as "reactionary" and "provocative."

The smug Pharisaism proclaiming the purity of British "ideals" is fast leaving us without a friend in the world.

When this cauldron of dislike comes to boiling point we may find ourselves faced with a combination of rejected friends and late enemies, bitterly hostile, and bent on looting this ill-led, disunited and disarmed Empire.

The situation in Spain, hitherto veiled from view, is summed up admirably by the *Patriot* as follows:—

"Spain, reeling to chaos, is considered by Moscow to be almost ripe for 'proletarian dictatorship'—i.e., an enslaved nation under foreign rule, and with all its national characteristics crushed under foot. The departure of the King and the disintegration of Spain are now at last realised to have been part of the same plan of Trotsky (Brounstein). The Spanish revolution was not Spanish but Jewish-international. It is to be hoped that the hereditary virtues of Spaniards will enable them to overcome and frustrate their threatened subjection to Stalin, who offers the world 'emancipation' from God—in order to turn earth into a hell of dishonour and despair, sarcastically labelled 'progress.'"

F. R. LEE.

23, St. James' Square, Bath.

The Men with Two Faces

SIR,—The unsatisfactory statement of Lord Stanhope that he had an open mind about our giving away territories to Germany must have alarmed many people who are proud of the British Empire.

But one of the worst features of the case is that only a little previously a member of the Cabinet had stated categorically that in no circumstances would we give any land away in any part of the world.

This points to the fact that the Government does not let its left hand know what its right hand is going to do.

This is quite in accordance with the leader of the Government's record throughout. In fact never since the days of that arch old humbug Mr. Gladstone have we

had such a double-faced Prime Minister as Mr. Baldwin.

I believe an Air Minister—who lost his job at the Air Ministry because he failed to increase it in size when Baldwin denied him the necessary funds, in other words to save the Prime Minister's face—once described Mr. Baldwin as one of the shrewdest politicians of all time.

He is certainly one of the trickiest and quite remarkably shrewd in keeping himself head of the so-called Conservatives. Whether he has made the slightest attempt to do his best either for his country or for his party is a very different question.

Watford.

L. P. NORTON.

It's Never Too Late

SIR,—The death is announced of Major-General Sir Alliston Champion Toker, a distinguished linguist, who was master of five European and seven Oriental tongues.

Twenty years ago at the age of seventy-two he became an Undergraduate at Cambridge and found that his tutor was a man he had himself coached for the post.

Doubtless Sir Alliston, brilliant man that he was, found that he learnt something or he would hardly have stayed to take his degree.

There is a moral in this which our present Cabinet Ministers who seem to have all the characteristics of the Bourbons, except that instead of forgetting nothing they forget everything, might well take to heart. There is a lot they might have picked up during the European muddle of the last three months; but they don't seem to be any nearer doing so.

Exeter.

J. V. WISE.

A Reader's Appreciation

SIR,—I feel compelled, as a loyal subject of our disunited Empire, to write you this evening to express my sincere appreciation of your efforts in the selection of material of vital importance to our practically defenceless Island.

The clearness of the vision displayed by the majority of the writers for the *Saturday Review* does them credit.

I deeply regret, for the sake of all concerned, that the influence of your worthy journal is not more extensively appreciated.

The directness of the views put forward by writers of high intellectual attainments, that appear in your publication from week to week, are worthy of serious consideration by all responsible folk.

JAS. J. PALMER.

20, Vaughan Gardens,
Ilford, Essex.

English Lettuces

SIR,—Now that the summer is approaching may I suggest that something should be done towards remedying the unnecessary shortage of English-grown lettuces during the hot weather.

The situation is a little better than it was some years ago; but we are still importing a great many cases of lettuces which could quite well be grown here.

At present our lettuces invariably fail as soon as there is a heat wave, which is the time when they are most in demand and the only ones which are worth eating are those imported from the Continent, mainly from Holland.

The reason is that our growers do not water their lettuces properly. Surely in districts such as the fen country and near the Norfolk Broads the land could be properly irrigated with comparatively little expense, thus enabling us to produce with English labour what is at present imported? I wish some enterprising grower would make the experiment.

Newark.

H. M. CHAPMAN.

FOUR READERS

Leave Europe Alone

SIR,—I read without surprise that Baron Aloisi has left Geneva for a personal talk with Signor Mussolini on the ground that the European situation has now become so complicated that it is impossible to discuss it adequately over the telephone.

It is indeed complicated and if our travelling circus consisting of Eden, Halifax and Co. is permitted to continue its peregrinations much longer it will become more complicated still.

There is only one policy for Great Britain and this is not complicated at all. It is to build up our defences so that no one will dare to attack us, let the European nations squabble among themselves if they want to, and proceed to develop the Empire.

There are millions of acres in the Colonies and the Dominions capable of carrying an English-speaking population so vast that the prosperity of the Empire would be increased fourfold and its combined military and naval power so great that it would be safe from aggression for all time.

Leeds.

C. G. MORRISON.

Broadcast Bias

SIR,—Is the B.B.C. a private corporation with a charter or an organisation to preach the Socialistic doctrines of the National Government, to distort inconvenient facts for the benefit of the Cabinet and to advocate the point of view of the League of Nations Union?

Certainly to an ordinary listener like myself it is definitely more than suspect in this respect. That such a state of affairs should exist is a scandal. It would, in fact, be more honest if the Government were to take over the Company and openly declare that it intended to use it for its own purposes. Those who are not too well endowed with brains would then at least know the source of inspiration of many of the so-called "talks" and take them for what they are really worth.

At present we have all the worst features of a semi-Government controlled monopoly, and in common fairness another and rival corporation should be permitted to give alternative programmes which would fill the requirements of normal patriotic people. Those taking out licences at the Post Office could signify to which corporation they wished the money to go.

Leicester.

V. M. HOLDEN.

Stimulating Recruiting

SIR,—During a recent debate in Parliament the Secretary of State for War openly acknowledged that the authorities were seriously perturbed at the shortage of recruits.

There can be no possible doubt that two factors contribute more than anything else to this state of affairs.

1. The unpatriotic and pacifist propaganda of the League of Nations Union, largely disseminated among children of an impressionable age by disaffected school teachers.

2. The present system of spoon feeding the masses, making it possible for youths to spend their time loitering in idleness and visiting cheap cinemas without having to face with the realities of life.

The remedies are perfectly simple.

1. Suppress the League of Nations Union immediately.
2. Refuse transitional benefit to all men of military age who do not first try to enlist in all three branches of the forces. In other words this should be reserved for the medically unfit.

Oxford.

W. L. GRAVES.

The Next for the High Jump

MADAM,—

The Prime Minister has always one trump card up his sleeve which a great many people seem to have overlooked. He can embark on any policy he likes without proper thought and then, if it proves unpopular in some vocal quarter, he can dismiss the Minister of the department concerned on the ground that he has "exceeded his instructions."

He did this to Sir Samuel Hoare. Is it too much to hope that one day the outcry from clear thinking people like yourself will be so great that he will find it expedient to do the same with Mr. Anthony Eden?

One thing is quite certain. Whatever crises the Government passes through in the future, if Mr. Baldwin can stick to office by sacrificing his subordinates he will do so, after making his now famous humble apology.

Still, should Mr. Eden be the next to go to keep the Member for Bewdley in his exalted position it will be a case of an ill-wind that blows nobody any good.

D. F. MARSHAM.

Edgbaston.

Taxpayers Should Unite

SIR,—Week in and week out the *Saturday Review*, exuding the best type of patriotism and loyalty to the Throne, anathematizes the shortcomings, some of which amount to treason of the worst sort, of the Government.

If that portion of the colossal expenditure on social services which is devoted to dispensing luxuries which masquerade as necessities were to be spent in adequately arming Britain on land, at sea, and in the air, we should to-day be secure from attack, and Britain's voice among nations would possess its old value, a value which has been lost since the country has been cursed with political climbers, limelight addicts and even traitors competing for the irresponsible mob vote.

But until those who maintain the solvency of the nation and who provide the whole of the employment of workers organise in powerful combination there is not the remotest likelihood of any amelioration in the incompetent, dilatory and treacherous behaviour of our talking men.

There are over four millions of direct taxpayers in the country who control the whole of trade and industry, and it is only the organisation of these taxpayers into a powerful association for patriotic and salutary objectives which can result in anything constructive being done.

These four millions of direct taxpayers are no longer genuinely represented by the Conservative Parliamentary Party which is to-day tainted by various shades of Socialism and shot-holed with incompetence and impossible idealism.

It is a standing reproach to this nation that while brawn has organised itself into Trade Unions the brain of the nation, as represented by four millions of direct taxpayers, and including the whole of trade, industry, and every section of productive enterprise, remains sterilised into impotence owing to complete lack of combination, and merely serves as a sort of milch cow for the indiscriminate depredations of unscrupulous cliques of politicians of various parties.

In the days when politics were relatively honest such an organisation as the Direct Taxpayers' Association was unnecessary. To-day such an association is vital to the very existence of Britain as a powerful nation possessing the greatest Empire that the world has ever known.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.

CORRESPONDENCE—Continued

Making Enemies

SIR,—What could be more ironical than the bold newspaper announcement of the latest proceedings at Geneva "Great Britain succeeded in preventing France from obtaining strong action against Germany and France succeeded in preventing England from obtaining strong action against Italy" or words to that effect.

It does not require much imagination to foresee that the only effect of this sort of thing is likely to be a rupture between us and France. Should this occur we shall only have paid the price of meddlesomeness.

For heaven's sake let us take this lesson to heart and break away from Geneva which seems merely to make for enmity between the nations. It has already estranged us from our erstwhile good friend Italy. Surely this is enough and Mr. Pugnacious Eden can now rest on his laurels.

Ealing.

A. T. CARPENTER.

Obstinacy

MY LADY,—

It is a tonic to read each week your fearless and commonsense criticisms of our muddling and meddlesome Government.

It seems that our Ministers, like all weak and obstinate men, are incapable of reversing a decision they have once come to even in the face of an entirely altered situation and overwhelming evidence that their original judgment was at fault.

The Sanctions against Italy have done no good to the Abyssinians, a barbarous and slave-owning race; they have prejudiced our relations with France and by alienating Italy have forced us to keep a large fleet on a war footing in the Mediterranean at enormous expense, which has to be met by the taxpayer.

I am all in favour of spending a very large sum of money in the vital task of providing adequate defences against our enemies; but this is very different from going out of our way to make enemies out of friendly peoples.

J. L. BRAMISH.

Worcester.

Chasing the Moon

SIR,—After reading that the Committee of Thirteen had showed a grain of commonsense by deciding that further Sanctions against Italy were impossible, I now pick up my Sunday newspaper and learn that the irresponsible Mr. Eden is threatening a petrol ban against that country.

"When Italy has been forced to end the Abyssinian War without gaining material advantages," we are told, then the Cabinet will proceed to attempt to solve the German problem.

The only conclusion one can come to in this case is that the German problem—by far the most urgent—will be shelved indefinitely.

When will our Ministers stop all this idealistic nonsense and confine themselves to realities which are of real importance to this country?

Leaving aside the desirability of imposing Sanctions against Italy in the first place, which is now ancient history, it is perfectly obvious that our only sane policy now is to try and undo the harm we have done to our relations with that country and not to go out of our way to alienate the Italians still further.

N. L. PENTON.

Aylesbury.

Colonial Office Misrule

SIR,—I read the article "The Imperial Idea."

What we want is a Corporative body with legal and legislative authority composed of men who know the Crown Colonies and do not regard their problems with the eyes of Puddletown or of Stratford-Atte-Bow.

At present the Minister in charge, like the rest, works for the votes of the ignorant.

O. C. G. HAYTER.

24, Longton Avenue, S.E.26.

The Way to Peace

SIR,—In human society it seems inevitable that there should be quarrels between individuals, quarrels often leading to open breaches of the peace. Though there is power to quell disturbances, nothing can wholly stop this quarrelling or ultimate resort to force.

If it is impossible to stop quarrelling between individuals, how much more difficult is it to stop quarrelling between Nations?

When one Nation quarrels with another the force of argument is in relation to the power of arms behind it. And what does quarrelling between Nations lead to? Only War.

To-day a man named Anthony Eden, as the representative of our great Empire, is busy quarrelling—for you, for me, and for all of us—with foreign powers capable of exterminating you, of exterminating me, and possibly of destroying the Empire, and what has he behind him? Nothing but weakness.

As Lady Houston pointed out in last week's *Saturday Review*, our Army is obsolete, our Navy is obsolete, our Air Force is obsolete, and our Statesmen are obsolete. And what reliance can be placed on a wholly impotent League of Nations?

Si vis pacem para bellum, said the ancients. And they were right. If we want security, and peace, we must depend on the strength of our own arms, not on the provocative language and diplomacy of our Anthony Edens.

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

Alton, Hants.

A Negus in Distress

MADAM,—

The Negus, through his representative in London, is issuing printed circulars (how Eastern and undignified!) appealing for subscriptions of £10 and upward at 2 per cent. interest, "to help us to obtain some necessary armaments with which to defend ourselves." Had it not been for the mass hysteria worked up in the House of Commons and the nation by the League of Nations Union last year with its fatuous parrot-cry of "rewarding the aggressor," the Hoare-Laval peace proposals, which were approved by the Cabinet and which Mussolini was prepared to discuss, would at least have been considered in negotiations, and much slaughter of both belligerents have been avoided.

If the League of Nations Union are sincere in their cause and propaganda, and not biassed by political motives, the least they can do is to collect a large sum of money for the Negus through their numerous branches (possibly those clergy who force the League of Nations Union on their congregations will contribute).

Anyhow the President of the League might start the list with a donation of £1,000 to encourage his flock, as it is due to the League of Nations Union propaganda that the Negus has been landed in his terrible plight.

FAIR PLAY.

We invite our readers to write to us expressing their views on matters of current interest. Readers are requested to state their opinions as concisely as possible.

New Books I Can Recommend

By the Literary Critic

A MARKED tendency of modern historical criticism is towards a readjustment of the judgments hitherto passed on our Hanoverian kings.

And in the case of the third of the four Georges there appears to be ample justification for modifying the undoubtedly biased verdicts of Whig historians.

Whatever George III's mistakes of policy may have been and however misguided his opinions were at times in regard to some of the greatest of his subjects such, for example, as Clive and Warren Hastings, there could be no denying his high sense of duty or the patriotic motives that inspired all his actions.

The key to those actions and the voluminous correspondence he carried on with his Ministers is to be found in the words he interpolated with his own hand into his very first Speech from the Throne as originally drafted by Hardwicke:—

"Born and educated in this country I glory in the name of Britain; and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider the greatest and most permanent security to my throne."

"A Typical Englishman"

No monarch was more afflicted by factious politics than George III, and if any excuse is needed for his attempts to "dish the Whigs" and break down their monopoly of power, it is to be found, as Mr. J. D. Griffith Davies justly argues, in the fact that George III thereby materially assisted in making the Crown a real live constitutional force detached from party politics. ("George The Third," illustrated, Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.).

Mr. Griffith Davies, while disclaiming any hero worship of George III, holds that that monarch was "a much cleverer man than it has been the custom to allow." For the rest he . . .

"was a typical Englishman. He loved respectability, perhaps because he was too unimaginative to be unconventional. He shared the Englishman's belief in the superiority of England and everything English. His conviction that there was no other country in the world like his native country compelled him to withstand the rebellious American colonists and to regard the French as 'a licentious people'; and his amiability and bigotry, courage and obstinacy, were rules of conduct in his everyday life.

"In the eyes of the majority of his people George III was what he claimed to be in his first Speech to Parliament—a King who 'gloried in the name of Britain' in a way none of his predecessors had done since the nation had laid 'Good Queen Bess' to rest."

"Clay-Kickers'" Part in Great War

It was characteristic of our general unpreparedness for war in 1914 that though we were the premier mining nation in the world we had made no provision at all for mine warfare.

It was only after the Germans had demonstrated to us in December 1914, in the Givenchy-Festubert

sector, how extremely effective mine warfare could be in overcoming strongly entrenched positions that the proposals made by Major J. Norton Griffiths for the formation of special Companies of Tunnellers (or "clay-kickers" as they were called in civil life) began to bear fruit.

Once Army Headquarters had given its consent to a trial of the experiment no time was lost in making a start.

Here is the story of the formation of the first Tunnelling Company as set out in the "Clay-kickers'" war history ("Tunnellers," by Captain W. Grant Grieve and Bernard Newman, Herbert Jenkins, illustrated, 15s.).

"On Thursday, February 17th, 1915, these men, as civilians, were burrowing sewers under Manchester: on Monday, February 21st, they were working underground at Givenchy! Not even the Germans ever surpassed this feat of rapid organisation—for tools and equipment had, of course, to be provided as well as men: the greater part of the credit must go to Norton Griffiths who was now in his element."

The blowing up of the Messines Ridge was, as this most entertainingly written book remarks, "to the Tunneller what Waterloo was to Wellington. Never in the history of warfare has the miner played such a great and vital part in a battle."

But there were many other occasions throughout the years 1915-18, when the Tunnellers' activities materially helped the success of our arms, while some idea of what they accomplished in the closing stages of the war in the way of destroying enemy "booby-traps" may be gathered from the fact that they succeeded in removing over 2,500,000 lbs. of enemy explosive from the path of our advancing troops.

In the Scottish War Memorial at Edinburgh, the Tunnellers' "friends," the canary and mouse, are fittingly honoured, and in this book, too, their services are duly commemorated, with the aid of many an amusing anecdote.

The Dualism of Brahms

Dr. Karl Geiringer is able to put forward a strong case for a new biography of Brahms on the ground that he has had placed at his disposal a vast amount of fresh and important material.

This consists of over a thousand hitherto unpublished letters written by Brahms or addressed to him and also a considerable quantity of original manuscripts and printed copies of Brahms' compositions in which Brahms himself noted corrections and alterations for possible further editions. ("Brahms," illustrated, translated by H. B. Weiner and Bernard Miall, Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.).

The book is divided into two parts, the biography proper and a critical section in which each category of Brahms' compositions is considered separately.

Dr. Geiringer emphasises the dualism of Brahms' character. "Two powers fought in him,

which we may roughly call 'an urge to freedom' and a 'desire for subjection.'"

He lived simply and economically and took a pride in spending little on food. Yet he was anything but an ascetic and could be easily persuaded to "exchange his ordinary plain fare for culinary delights on a higher plane."

In everything connected with his work he had a pedantic love for order. Yet in his dress and in everyday affairs he was exceedingly careless.

He was extremely business-like in his demand for high fees, yet surprisingly unbusiness-like in the management of his money.

He was "anything but a misogynist." He had always longed for the comfort of a home. But he would not be tied, "dimly feeling that he would be acting in defiance of his aim in life if he, who had dedicated himself wholly to art, were to belong to another."

Early Love Romance of Dickens

In commemoration of the Pickwick centenary, the Dickens Fellowship have published both a Centenary Bibliography of the Pickwick Papers and "The Love Romance of Charles Dickens, told in his letters to Maria Beadnell (Mrs. Winter)." (With introduction and notes by Walter Dexter, Argonaut Press, illustrated, 10s. 6d.).

The letters revealing this early romance of Dickens, found their way through the sale-room some thirty years ago to the Huntingdon Library in California and this is the first time they have been published in England.

It was a serious romance while it lasted and, as Dickens himself has recorded, the memory of Maria Beadnell remained vivid enough to inspire him with the Dora of his "David Copperfield." It also undoubtedly helped to stir his ambitions and stimulate his genius.

"Whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion, aspiration and determination belong to me," Dickens wrote to Maria twenty-two years after the ending of their romance, "I have never separated and never shall separate from the hard-hearted little woman—You."

Abyssinian War as seen by a Woman

Miss Muriel Currey has the distinction of having been the only woman accredited war correspondent in Abyssinia.

She received a special permit from Signor Mussolini himself to visit the Eritrean front just at the time the Italo-Abyssinian War was starting and in her book just issued, she recounts her impressions and experiences during the first three months of the Italian operations ("A Woman at the Abyssinian War," with 31 illustrations, Hutchinson, 18s.).

She does not attempt to offer her readers any detailed account of the actual operations. Her concern is solely with the life of the Italian army and with the attitude of the native population towards the invaders of their territory—invaders, who, as she points out, immediately set about freeing slaves, providing the people with free medical treatment, feeding the hungry and establishing law and peace "which were unknown blessings in the Tigrai."

Despite her own Government's idiotic activities over Sanctions, she never on any occasion encountered anything but the friendliest hospitality and utmost courtesy from all the Italian soldiers she met. But when she could get her chivalrous hosts to talk on the subject of the British Government's actions, there was only one emotion aroused, that of frank and genuine amazement at the line being taken by those League fanatics.

"Will you try to make people understand what we are doing here?" earnestly asked an Italian General.

"The English talk about freedom. We have liberated the slaves, and what did freedom mean to the rest of the population? Freedom to live and die like animals; to suffer from every terrible disease; to see practically everything they possessed taken from them by the Negus and his representatives."

"Who can believe that this people is capable of doing anything for themselves? What have they done in the last thousand years? You have seen the misery in which they live; they must have the help of a civilised nation if conditions are ever to be improved."

Risks and Mysteries

Thirty-seven stories of adventure on land, at sea, in the air and in investigating the occult are included in Mr. Cecil Madden's very readable collection entitled "Living Dangerously." (Allen and Unwin, illustrated, 7s. 6d.).

In "Mysterious Happenings" (Grayson, 5s.), Mr. Maurice Lewis has gathered together an interesting and extremely varied series of both ancient and recent mysteries, ranging from the man hunt of Jacques Aymar in 1692 and the death of Konigsmarck three years later to the puzzling modern problems of the murder of Battling Siki and the disappearance of the United States warship *Cyclops*.

Messrs. Lane's Penguin Books

That admirable sixpenny edition of Messrs. Lane's, known as the "Penguin Books" from the Penguins that adorn the green and red covers, has now reached its fortieth volume, the last ten including H. G. Wells' *Short History of the World*, E. F. Benson's "Dodo," Arnold Bennett's "Anna of the Five Towns" and Mr. H. C. Bailey's "Mr. Fortune, Please."

Each volume as it appears maintains the high standard of printing and general production set by its predecessors.

Fiction

Hutchinson's "Century" volumes are deservedly popular, offering as they do such a vast amount of excellent reading at a very modest price.

The two latest volumes in this series are: "A Century of Historical Stories" (edited by Rafael Sabatini) and "A Century of Western Stories" (edited by George Goodchild). Both contain stories from over thirty famous authors.

Four crime mystery stories I can thoroughly recommend are: "The Muffled Man," by George Ingram (Denis Archer); "The Marceau Case," by Harry Stephen Keeler (Ward, Lock); "Prologue To The Gallows," by Paul McGuire (Skeffington); and "Death in an Armchair," by James Street (Herbert Jenkins).

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY. Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA. Dumbartonshire. — A'bert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE. Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH. NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate

BOURNE END. Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 6 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL. Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON. Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS. Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD. OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS. Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf fishing, racing.

CALLANDER. Perthshire. — Troasacha Hotel, Troasacha. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE. Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON. ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY. CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annexe, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON. Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY. Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FALMOUTH. Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Veon. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW. W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW. C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN. Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE. East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON. Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE. Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE. Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel. High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK. English Lakes. — The Keawick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown. Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A. R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANWRTYD WELLS. Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE. Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. 'Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel. 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL. 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA. 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel. Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel. St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH. Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 43/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH. N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-; Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE. N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 2. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART. Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling tennis.

NITON. Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £2 5/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM. Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

PADSTOW. Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON. DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns. to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH. Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PHILLACK. Hayle, Cornwall. — Riviere Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

PLYMOUTH. Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK. WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RIPON. Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY. Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH. Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 33. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel. Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist. Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE. HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. 'Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER. Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEWKESBURY. Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water. Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WARWICK. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E. £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 65. Pens., from £3/12/6 W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG.—Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE.—N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND.—Fifehire.—Kingswood Hotel, Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD.—ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELtenham SPA.—Visit the Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH. S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH. S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Central sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE.—SUFFOLK.—Bracendale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN. Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Lens Concert Hall. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3-3½ gns. W.E., 10/6 daily. Excellent table.

GOSWOLD.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 4 mile. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE. Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch —a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA.—GRAND Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel. Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTH ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress. Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binwood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardshealch Hotel, Achacrae. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel. 1-3, Lexington Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel. Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S. 15s. D. 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL. Southampton Row, W.C.1. near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel. Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath, and Table d'Hôte breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel. De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel. Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel. 7, Lidlington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL. 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden, Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel. 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel. Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel. Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel. 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel. Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1163. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE. 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel. 33, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel. Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 135; Rec., 6. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel. College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16. Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond, 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel. Jesmond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-; Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Technical Air Mission from Australia

From an Australian Correspondent.

FIRST steps towards fulfilment of the Australian Government's intention of becoming largely independent of imports of civil and military aircraft is the despatch to England of a technical mission headed by Wing-Commander L. J. Wackett.

It is not officially a Government mission, but the blessing of the Federal Cabinet goes with it, and Wing-Commander Wackett and his colleagues are keeping the Government informed of the progress of their inquiries.

At present, a few home-designed aircraft are built in Australia, and many more are brought from England for assembly. Aero engines have not yet been built in Australia. The limited internal market has not, up to the present, justified the capital outlay necessary for the complete construction of aeroplanes within the Commonwealth.

The inability of British manufacturers to meet all Australian requirements owing to their preoccupation with the Royal Air Force expansion orders has, combined with developments in civil and military aviation at home, obliged Australia to consider full home production.

The Minister for Defence, Mr. Parkhill, has announced in the House of Representatives the Government's determination not to leave Australia dependent entirely upon supplies from overseas.

Behind Wing-Commander Wackett's mission is a group of Australia's most powerful financial, industrial, mining and motor interests.

A measure of co-operation from firms in Britain and elsewhere abroad with long experience of the industry would obviously be necessary to the beginning of large-scale aircraft manufacture in Australia.

But the pooled resources of the interests which have made this latest step would, with the Government encouragement which is implied, be strong enough to establish the industry on the most modern lines.

Wing-Commander Wackett, who served in France with the Australian Flying Corps, winning the D.F.C. and the A.F.C., remained with what became the Royal Australian Air Force until 1930.

While still in the Service, he was a pioneer of Australian aircraft engineering, designing seaplanes and landplanes which were used both commercially and in the Air Force.

Later, he became technical manager of New England Airways, whose

service connects Sydney and Brisbane, always continuing his work in designing.

He is, like Hinkler and Kingsford-Smith, a Queenslander, and aviation is his recreation as well as his life's work.

With Wing-Commander Wackett on his mission are Squadron-leader A. W. Murphy, a foundation officer of the Royal Australian Air Force, from which he is on leave, and Squadron-leader H. C. Harrison. The former made the first flight across Australia to Darwin, after having served in Egypt, Arabia and Turkey in No. 1 squadron of Australia's infant air force.

Special facilities have been accorded them for the inspection of the principal British aircraft factories, and they have been in consultation with the Air Ministry.

The conclusions they reach as to the practicability and extent of Australia's becoming self-supporting in aircraft construction will not be revealed for a long time, but they will endeavour to evolve types of military and civil aircraft suitable to the Commonwealth's needs which can be produced at home.

After their visit to England, they are to see the leading aircraft factories of the Continent and the United States before returning to Australia.

Cash and Credit in Canada

By G. Delap Stevenson.

CANADA is just beginning her new fiscal year and the Finance Minister, Mr. Dunning, has cause for both pleasure and anxiety.

On the economic side things really are improving. All the Dominions are at last getting back to better times.

South Africa, of course, is in the van. Her budget in March showed a surplus of £3,000,000, and was full of plans for reduced taxes, restored cuts and the paying off of loans.

Though Canada still has a budget deficit of £28,000,000, the general trade figures show that she is definitely on the upgrade.

Exports are £26,000,000 higher for the last twelve months than in the year before, while imports are up by £14,000,000. Exports exceed imports by £44,000,000.

The two items which cause the deficit in the Canadian budget are unemployment relief and the losses of the Canadian National Railway.

Although this improvement in trade is very satisfactory for the new Liberal Government, they still have a nasty proposition to tackle in the matter of credit.

It is, in fact, just as trade is recovering that the credit difficulties, brought about by the bad years of the depression, have come to their climax.

For more than a year the revolt of the debtors has been going on. From Vancouver to Montreal there has been talk of and attempts at arbitrary interest cuts.

Revolutionary feeling about the credit system arose out of the actual fact of empty treasuries in municipalities and provinces. To pay their way they had to be continually subsidised by the Federal Government.

One of the first things which the new Government tackled after it came into power was this unsatisfactory state of provincial credit.

There were meetings between provincial Premiers and Finance Ministers and the Federal Ministers.

Eventually a plan was evolved for loan councils which it was hoped would enable the provinces to get support from the Dominion without giving up too much of their independence.

To carry it out this plan requires an amendment of the constitution and already, while it is still under discussion, a crisis has arisen which makes it look as if the whole thing might fall through.

Alberta, which is under a social credit Government, had to meet a maturing bond issue and could not do so without an advance from the Dominion.

In accordance with the principles of the new loan councils plan the Dominion Finance Minister refused to provide the money unless he was given a large measure of control over Alberta's finances. This Alberta refused.

She has defaulted on the maturing bonds, though still paying their interest in full, and has produced a plan for the arbitrary conversion of her whole debt, or as much of it as she thinks fit, to lower rates of interest.

Besides Alberta other provinces which dislike the idea of Dominion supervision of their finances, are showing signs of restiveness.

If the credit plan in the end comes to nothing, the situation will result in a deadlock.

Dominion support is essential if the provinces are to meet their obligations, and the Dominion Finance Minister has laid it down that in future "ability to repay, not ability to borrow," will be the standard by which he will judge provinces which come to him for money.

Incidentally Alberta's social credit scheme has not even begun to function within the province. The local men are at loggerheads with Major Douglas, the founder of the system.

Empire Defence and Development

ADEQUATE Imperial and National defence is urged by the Imperial Policy Group in its latest pamphlet, "A Policy for the Nation and Empire."

It states:

"The defences of the Empire are a special problem, and while the armaments of other nations have to be taken into consideration, our policy should not be altogether determined by them."

"Our naval strength must be sufficient to protect our own shores, our Dominions, Colonies and Mandated Territories, as well as our 85,000 miles of trade routes. In order to provide such defence, we must at once bring our cruiser and destroyer strength up to the seventy ships which are the agreed minimum necessary for convoy work."

"Our air power must be second to none, and while we express satisfaction at the steps already being taken we feel obliged to recognise that they may not be sufficient to bring up our air power to a proper level, and the nation must be prepared for further expansion and expenditure in this direction."

"Our land forces at present are totally inadequate. They should at least include an adequate expeditionary force ready for instant service and with the most modern equipment. We place on record our appreciation of the public spirit which inspires those who join the Territorial Army, and consider that the Government, which has hitherto taken inadequate steps to encourage recruits, should give far more encouragement to this and other branches of the auxiliary forces."

"We strongly urge close and well-organised co-operation between the Mother Country, the Dominions and the Colonies, with a view to strengthening defences on land, sea and air. We believe that the eventual goal must be a co-ordination between the three services in all Imperial countries, and that an immediate plan for such co-ordination should be introduced. In our opinion the feeling which has hitherto prevailed against this suggestion would be completely discounted by the practical benefits which would result from such co-ordination."

Under the heading of "The Maintenance and Full Development of the Empire," interesting proposals are made:

"In this country we have some two million unemployed men and women. In the distressed areas many men have been unemployed for years past. Young men, married and with children at school, have never known employment, and thousands of children are growing up for whom at present the future holds no hope."

"In the Dominions the same problem has to be faced. Secondary

industries have been set up and vast effort and money expended in order to prepare the way for greater settlement. None of these undertakings can hope to succeed nor can they show profitable return so long as the population remains inadequate. Nor can the Home Country absorb the products of the Dominions, while hundreds of thousands of our people are unemployed, and the purchasing power of millions is severely restricted. With a quarter of the world's surface at our disposal, thousands of tons of shipping lying idle, a vast financial machine working at only half capacity, and two million men out of work the future cannot be contemplated with confidence. But alongside this grave problem lie great opportunities. All the material assets necessary for the successful development of the Empire are at our disposal."

"We demand, therefore, the development of the Home and Imperial markets by:

"(1) The creation of conditions favourable to redistribution of the population."

"(2) The closest possible co-ordination of Imperial defences, foreign affairs, economic, monetary and trade policy."

"(3) The use of tariffs."

African Lake Steamers

FOR nearly 60 years steamers of some sort have plied between the little ports of the Central African lakes.

There is still some doubt about which was the first vessel of this type to sail these waters, but that distinction apparently belongs to the *Illala*, a tiny vessel the natives called an iron canoe that spat fire.

This pioneer has been out of commission for a long time.

Towards the beginning of the 20th century, the African Lakes Corporation, which was the biggest shipping concern on the lakes at that time, placed on the Nyasa the first screw-steamer, the *Queen Victoria*.

Later on the Corporation launched the *Good News*, an excellent vessel in which Cecil Rhodes, a prominent supporter of the Lakes Corporation, was much interested.

The lakes have not been without intense shipping rivalry, and at the beginning of the present century this was obviously between British and German companies, for at that time the Belgians had few interests there.

A new development followed when the Germans in Tanganyika Territory, as we now know the region, decided to exploit the transport facilities of Victoria Nyanza, the largest of the African lakes.

The British Uganda Railway Company, also concerned in the lake traffic, was not content to look on calmly when such developments threatened to rob it of much goods and passenger traffic.

Before another year had passed the company had placed orders in England for several lake steamers of

varying tonnage, and presently they were operating four steamers of over 1,000 tons and many more between 700 and 1,000 tons.

Steamers first appeared on Lake Tanganyika in 1893, and were used for goods and passenger work.

The British naval authorities paid more attention to this development than they did to shipping work on the other lakes, the strategic value of which probably did not impress them so much as did this lake.

The result of the survey was the launching of the first British lake gunboats, the *Adventure* and the *Pioneer*.

In 1898 the *Cecil Rhodes* was launched on the Tanganyika. This was the first twin-screw lake steamer.

New steamers are from time to time placed on the African lakes, but they now arrive at the assembling stations in fairly large sections, for where the railways cannot be used motor lorries are generally available.

The time will undoubtedly come when smaller steamers of this type will be transported almost entire.

In 1930 the *Robert Corydon* was run for the first time across Lake Albert, which is almost a thousand miles from the coast.

This vessel is the most modern at present working on the lakes. It has a tonnage of 750. It was transported for much of the way by rail, but for the last few laps of its journey through the bush had to be carried on lorries.

India's Mineral Production

A FASCINATING report on the mineral production of India is given in a quinquennial review.

India has become an important producer of minerals in recent years, and the annual average of mineral wealth during the years under review is close on ten crores of rupees.

In coal, India is still the largest producer of any of the British dependencies, but Japan beats her. "Japan and South Africa must still be regarded as formidable rivals in Indian Ocean ports."

South Africa is competing mainly in manganese ore, which has fallen to sixth in the mineral production list of India. In front of it are coal, petroleum, gold, lead and salt.

One of the most interesting parts of the report is that dealing with precious stones. It shows that India's most valuable product in this respect is the ruby, followed, in the semi-precious category, by amber, jadeite, sapphire, spinel, agate, and garnet.

The diamond output, it is stated, is very small and relatively unimportant. Gold, also, only accounts for 1.35 per cent. of the world's production, but great hopes are entertained for the Kolar goldfield, which is responsible for one of the model mining towns of the world.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The First English Flag Beyond the Ocean

By Professor A. P. Newton

EVERYONE is familiar with the fact that John Cabot discovered the mainland of the New World before it was seen by Columbus, and so gave England the place of honour in the new geographical discoveries.

But beyond that bare fact the actual, authentic events of his voyage are little known, and they have been obscured and covered with a mass of conjecture and romance that bears little relation to the truth.

We have no direct narrative coming down from Cabot's own time, and it was not until half a century after his death that he was granted his due place as the first in the line of discoverers under the English flag and a worthy rival of his fellow Italian, Christopher Columbus, who served under the flag of Spain.

Cabot's story became involved in the bitter arguments of Elizabeth's reign against the Spanish claims to monopoly in the New World on the ground of prior discovery, and so the sparseness of our knowledge concerning it was disguised by much ingenious invention.

Modern investigation has, however, enabled us to discover the actual circumstances under which Cabot's first voyage was undertaken, and from the evidence of strictly contemporary letters to establish firmly the fact that the first flag planted on the mainland of the western continent was that of England.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century the fishing industry on which

Bristol depended for part of its wealth was badly hit by troubles with the Danish governors of Iceland and quarrels with German competitors in the northern waters where the fish were caught.

The fishing merchants strove to find new fishing grounds in the Atlantic off the west coast of Ireland, but every expedition sent out returned without success.

About the time when they were giving up the search, there came to reside in Bristol a Genoese, one Giovanni Cabotto, who had become naturalised as a Venetian citizen and had been sent by the Republic to England to look after its commercial interests.

Some years before, Cabot, as the English called him, had travelled as far as Mecca in connection with the Venetian spice trade, and had formed the opinion that it might be possible to get to the sources of the spices by sailing westward across the Atlantic.

If this could be done, it would avoid the payment of the heavy duties charged by the Sultan of Egypt on the goods that came to Venice by the Red Sea, and so the venture might be very profitable.

Cabot entered into discussions with the Bristol merchants and tried to persuade them to take up their search for Atlantic fisheries again and combine it with his plan for a westward voyage to Asia.

For some time he had no success in his attempts to find the capital necessary to fit out the necessary ships, but towards the end of 1493 news came to Bristol that a Genoese, one Christopher Columbus, in the service of Castile, had found new islands beyond the Ocean.

This news at once set matters moving. The merchants were willing to find the necessary capital and to help Cabot to obtain the commission and authorisation for his voyage from King Henry VI.

We know this from the contemporary letters that were written to his sovereigns by the Spanish agent in England, who feared that there was to be dangerous competition in the newly-discovered lands.

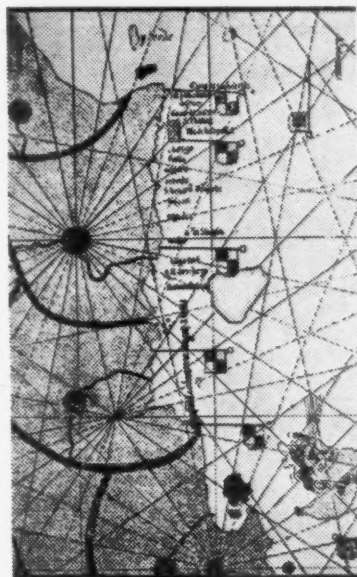
The story of Cabot's first voyage rests primarily upon two rather slight detailed reports that were made by contemporary Italian observers in England at the time and a single chronicle reference from Bristol.

All the other testimony is of minor importance and of later date, so that it is not equally dependable.

But there is one piece of evidence that is quite independent and very valuable as showing the fear of the Spaniards of English rivalry.

In 1500 Juan de la Cosa, who had accompanied Columbus as a pilot on his first voyage and was an excellent cartographer, drew for the Spanish sovereigns a map showing the relation between the Spanish discoveries and those said to have been made by the English.

There he shows a coast which is



English discoveries in North America on Juan de la Cosa's map of 1500. Cosa, Columbus' cartographer, drew up a map of the world of which this is a part (Florida to Nova Scotia). Cabot's discoveries are indicated by flags

recognisably that of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island with English flags upon it as indicating discovery.

From the other authorities we know that Cabot sailed from Bristol in a ship called the *Matthew* on 2nd May, 1497, and that on St. John the Baptists' Day (June 24th), he found a new land beyond the Atlantic and hoisted St. George's flag there, with its red cross on a white ground.

This was the first English Ensign ever flown beyond the Ocean, and we may take it as the symbol marking the birthday of England's expansion over sea.

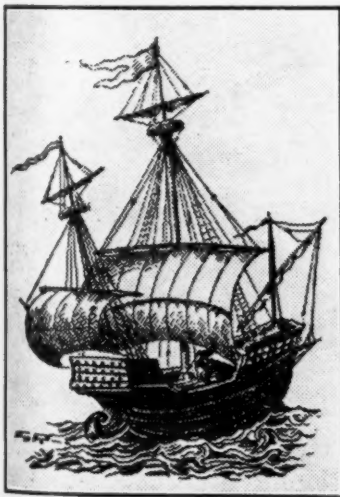
New Zealand Conference

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has graciously consented to be Patron of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire which opens at Wellington, New Zealand, on 2nd October, under the Presidency of Viscount Elibank.

The Congress, which brings together delegates from all over the Empire, is now convened triennially; this will be the fourteenth of the series. The King, as Prince of Wales, personally inaugurated the Twelfth Congress at the Guildhall, London, in 1930.

The Migration Problem

"If only we had within the Empire an assured market for what the new settlers could produce, then migration and settlement would cease to be a problem."—Mr. S. M. Lanigan O'Keefe, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia.



French ship of type used by French fishermen in Newfoundland waters early in 16th century, after Cabot's discovery of the fishing banks

The Foreign Loans Committee

By Our City Editor

RECENT hints by leading bankers and others in positions of financial authority have apparently had some effect upon the Chancellor, who had formerly turned a deaf ear to suggestions that the "request" of the Treasury to suspend foreign loans should be withdrawn. The Chancellor's reply has taken the usual present-day Governmental form—he has set up a Committee. The latter is apparently to be a permanent body to advise the Treasury on the whole question of restricting foreign issues and to consider applications for the suspension of the ban; the Committee is comprised of wholly knowledgeable persons, with Lord Kennet (formerly Sir Hilton Young) as Chairman, and including the Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, and the Deputy-Chairman of the Stock Exchange Committee.

The City is naturally asking whether this step means that British lending abroad is to be encouraged, and is hoping that the Treasury will leave the whole matter in the hands of the newly-appointed Committee, which cannot be regarded otherwise than as entirely competent to deal with it. Meanwhile, the Chancellor assured the House of Commons that he would still retain ultimate control of the Committee's operations, though it is something of an insult to the Committee appointed to suggest that the House knows more about the business of the City than they do. If the ban on foreign lending were removed altogether, one cannot imagine that the City would be in any hurry to supply the average foreign borrower with funds.

British Capital Abroad

It is not only her territories overseas which Britain may be called upon to hand over to the foreigner; British capital and British companies operating in foreign lands have in some cases already been confiscated with scarcely a murmur of protest, and it appears that this process is now under consideration in Spain, where Bolshevism is firmly planting its hairy hoof.

The Rio Tinto Company, registered as long ago as 1873, which has a distinguished Board under the Chairmanship of Sir Auckland Geddes and a capital of £3,750,000, is the latest victim of expropriation rumours. It is true that the shares of the company are dealt in largely on Paris account, that its interests for the future are centred probably more on the Northern Rhodesian producers than on its Spanish properties, but that hardly seems to alter the fact that this British company may be hounded out of Spain by a régime which appears to have no respect for property, British or otherwise.

This is the type of case which makes it appear

cheaper to defend one's property than to spend the money on abortive disarmament palavers.

Canadian Credit

One notes with regret the increased amounts of Canadian State and Corporation stocks on offer at prices which show only too plainly what a serious view is taken of the Canadian credit position. The stocks are not trustee, but comparison with similar Colonial stocks of other countries shows the speculative category into which Canadian stocks have fallen. Thus Alberta $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 1943 is available at $88\frac{1}{2}$ xd to return over 5 per cent. flat or $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to redemption. Moose Jaw Fives, 1951-53, return nearly 6 per cent. flat or £6 12s. 6d. to redemption, and a yield to redemption of between 7 and 8 per cent. can be obtained on Calgary $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 per cent. bonds at 87 and 84 respectively. Yet Ontario $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock stands at 101, returning only £3 9s. to redemption. After the cancellation of the Province's power contracts to suit its Government's own pocket and convenience, it is difficult to understand why the stock should command this price.

The only way for Canada to set her financial house in order is for the Dominion Government to take over the financial responsibilities of the provinces with full financial control. It is a big task, but it will have to be done before confidence can be restored, and experience tells us that it can only be done when the Provinces have got themselves into a mess and not when they are buoyed up on a prosperity wave.

Outlook for "Americans"

The speculatively-minded who consider that the time has come to look a little further than the United Kingdom to obtain either satisfactory yields or capital appreciation will probably turn to American stocks, though the yields in this section are by no means universally attractive. The prospects of capital appreciation, however, cannot be denied, despite the uncertainties of the Presidential election and of unsound Government finance.

In the States, business has recovered in spite of the Government, though some stocks are still hanging behind in price owing to possibilities of further official interference—notably the public utilities. In this section Electric Bond and Share, and Electric Power and Light Corporation look as promising as any. It is not many months ago since New York Central were mentioned in these columns as a railroad stock of promise. The price was then \$25. It is now up to \$42 $\frac{1}{2}$ and is still worth attention. U.S. Steel, also mentioned at around \$48 are now up to \$72 and, as the rate of steel operations in the second quarter is expected to be over 60 per cent., the price of U.S. Steel is likely to move up further.

THEATRE NOTES

"King Lear"

The Old Vic

Shakespeare.

SO rarely is "King Lear" presented to the public that the production of this play at the Old Vic does not suffer from a familiarity which might breed, not contempt, but, shall we say, hypercriticism. I would, nevertheless, have preferred the settings to be a little more realistic not leaving quite so much to the imagination. Cloud effects and thunder off seem hardly adequate for the storm scene, and pillars in place of trees and green on the heath were to me unsatisfactory.

William Devlin, without being brilliant, gave a solid and workmanlike performance in the long and difficult part of King Lear. He resorted to no actors' tricks and showed once again that he has the makings of a very good actor indeed. I write of Mr. Devlin at length, partly because he is tackling one of the most difficult parts ever written and partly because he seems to me to be one of the most promising of our young actors. That he was, as it were, out-acted by his three daughters is no reflection on his very obvious abilities. Of the three, excellent as Vivienne Bennett and Catherine Lacey were, I cannot help giving first place to Dorice Fordred's Goneril. And what a first-rate actor Ion Swinley is!

"The Greeks Had a Word for It"

Victoria Palace

By Zoe Akins.

I AM one of those unfortunate people who do not find this play very funny. I did not like it when it was first produced and, much as I admire Mr. Martin Sabine's courage in putting it on twice nightly, I cannot say that I see any reason to revise my opinion. Ladies of the type depicted in this play are not particularly amusing, and in consequence what happens to them does not interest me one whit.

I have many times in the past admired the work of Miss Olive Sloane and I know that Mr. Arthur Chesney is a brilliant actor, but what they are doing in this tedious piece of naughty-naughtiness I could not say. No doubt the Greeks had a word for it, and so have I, but I am not sure that it is the same one.

C.S.

German Mediaeval Romance

Many people who are familiar with Wagner's "Parsifal" have probably never heard of the origin of its theme, the romantic thirteenth century epic of Wolfram von Eschenbach.

Dr. Margaret Fitzgerald Richey, Lecturer in German at Royal Holloway College, University of London, has now rescued that old epic and its author from the obscurity into which they have undeservedly fallen ("The Story of Parzival and the Graal," Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 10s. 6d.).

MOTORING

Easter Monday Madness

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

I HAVE been a victim of Easter Monday madness. My car, smashed out of recognition, lies in a country garage. I have stitches in both legs and on the forehead, and have to walk with two sticks. Two women, who were in another car, are in hospital with concussion, one of whom is in a very grave condition indeed. The driver of another car looks as if he had been trying conclusions with Joe Louis.

All this happened on a perfectly straight road; moreover I myself was ascending a fairly steep hill and a long one at that.

Three Cars in Collision

The cause of the accident was Easter Monday madness. A very fast car passed me like a flash and drew a clear two lengths or more ahead. It then proceeded to take the off-wheel off a smaller car which was coming down the hill at about forty-five to fifty miles an hour.

One never knows quite what the effect of these crashes will be. I thought both cars would probably skew round across the road. Actually the fast car continued on its course and then pulled up, while the other one which was coming towards me, shot diagonally across the road with practically undiminished speed and hit me head on.

It all happened in a flash with the result which I have already described. The only person unhurt was the driver of the fast car.

There seems to be a moral in this and that is that drivers of fast cars should be made to undergo special tests. I do not know how much experience the driver of this one had. I was in no condition to inquire. I am not prepared at this moment, for obvious reasons, to portion out the blame in detail.

These holiday casualties have long been a standing joke; but they are not so funny when one is a victim oneself and especially when one has to lie in a casualty ward and listen to the screams and moans of a seriously injured woman.

In America, I understand, furious drivers are taken to the morgue. Believe me, a forced visit to a casualty ward, when a woman who has just regained consciousness after grave injuries and is being attended to would be even more effective.

The Valois of Orleans

French history tells of two Houses of Orleans, each sprung from a King's son and each producing a King, the one in the fifteenth century, the other after the French Revolution.

It is with the Earlier House of Orleans that Miss M. Coryn deals in her latest historical study, the story of three generations of Orleans Dukes from Louis, the brother of the mad King Charles VI, to his grandson who ascended the throne of France as Louis XII and was destined to be called "the Father of the People" ("House of Orleans," Arthur Barker, illustrated, 12/6).

CINEMA

A Lehar Operette

BY MARK FORREST

THE music which forms the backbone of *Liebesmelodie*, the new film at the Academy, will probably be well known to audiences over here, as the film has been adapted from Mr. Franz Lehar's operette, *Clo-Clo*. Mr. Lehar's music is always so tuneful and light-hearted that nothing which it adorns can wholly come to grief. Not that *Liebesmelodie* is within measurable distance of that catastrophe, but the trappings have a musty air about them which no amount of gay music or competent singing and acting can altogether dispel.

Here are the usual stage scenes, both before and behind the curtain; followed by the usual carouse at a restaurant. They are brought about by the infatuation for the same fair actress by a father and son, who leave their farm to try their fortune with her. This complication, however, is not the only peg upon which Marta Eggerth's delightful voice and Mr. Lehar's melodies are hung.

There is the additional one which is the father's conviction, induced by a newspaper article, that the musical comedy star is no other than his own daughter by a previous affair. A young man falling in love with his own sister has produced more than one tragedy for the stage, but there is nothing tragic in the view which is taken of the matter in *Liebesmelodie*; the moral of which, if it has any, is that one shouldn't believe all that one sees in the newspapers.

Down on the Farm

Binding the whole together is that well-known piece of twaddle that there is nothing which an actress would rather do than spend her life milking the cows and cleaning out chicken runs. Here it serves to allow Marta Eggerth to sing on the top of a haystack and to display her excellent figure in a bathing suit; so perhaps the end justifies the means.

In addition to this charming personality, whose performance in *Unfinished Symphony* will be easily remembered, there is a young leading man whose work is new to me. Rolf Wanka, who has a good presence and a nice personality, will be heard of again. That the picture is as amusing as it is is largely due to Hans Moser, whose material here is not nearly as good as it was in *Hohe Schule*, but he makes the most of it.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981

The gayest film of the season!

MARTA EGGERTH in

"LIEBESMELODIE" (A)

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

BROADCASTING

Mr. Maschwitz at it Again

BY ALAN HOWLAND

THERE is no type of person, I imagine, who is more admired in this country than your hardy pioneer, the sort of man who, in face of overwhelming odds, carves out a path for himself and flings the Empire a little bit farther than it has ever been flung before. That is one of the reasons why I am so fond of Mr. Maschwitz. A few weeks ago the Playboy of Portland Place decided to revolutionise our dance music. Somehow or other the newspapers got to hear of this and devoted a few columns a day to a detailed description of the epoch-making changes which Mr. Maschwitz had devised for our pleasure.

My Verdict

Together with some seven million other licence-holders I have paid the closest attention to the new and astounding developments which were blushing heralded by some of the better informed radio-scavengers (if I may coin a phrase), and I am prepared to give my verdict for what it is worth, or even more if I can get it.

First and foremost I find that I can hear my news bulletin four times instead of twice. This enables me to keep myself *au fait* with what went on the day before yesterday and to answer any awkward questions put to me by importunate nephews with promptitude and despatch. Should I wish to listen to dance music between 10.30 p.m. and midnight I can now get a good deal of exercise by rushing madly from one station to another. Moreover the period from 11.30 to midnight has taken on a completely different hue inasmuch as the gramophone records which occupy this portion of the programme are announced in those treacly dark brown tones which have done so much to make British Broadcasting what it is, whatever that may be.

Making Life Brighter

For all this I am profoundly grateful. Mr. Maschwitz has brought a new pleasure into my life. So far from sitting slothfully beside my loud-speaker, I can now dash eagerly from knob to knob collecting news bulletins. If I am unlucky enough to miss one, I am compensated by hearing one of those tunes which pleased my maternal grandparent so much announced by someone whom I take to be an amateur grave-digger.

There is absolutely no knowing what Mr. Maschwitz may not get up to next. A little more ingenuity on his part and we may have to twiddle the knobs all the evening in order to hear where the music really did come out. Whatever he may have up his sleeve, I am sure it will be too frightfully ingenious.